VARIOUS

THOUGHTS

ON

POLITICS, MORALITY,

AND

LITERATURE.

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Newcastle upon Tyne:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY M. BROWN, IN THE FLESH-MARKET; AND SOLD BY WEST AND HUGHES, AND CLARKE, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON; AND THE OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

VIRTUOUS,

LEARNED,

AND

INTREPID

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

THOUGHTS,

&c.

THOUGH, in my attack on the PURSUITS OF LITERATURE, I had intended principally, to convey my own thoughts, on a greater variety of ſubjects than any other ſingle opportunity afforded; yet my intention not being fully underſtood, has injured the ſale of my book, and prevented that extenſive circulation, which all opinions deſerve relating to the peace and happineſs of mankind; on this account, I have been induced to alter my deſign, and leave the blunders, the quotations, the egotiſm, the impudence, and malevolence of the Purſuits of Literature, in that oblivion to which the public ſeems now to have conſigned that book and its anonymous author, and to make no further uſe of him, than as the means of conveying my ſentiments on many impor-

tant topics, on which we moſt completely and eſſentially differ.

THEORETICAL EXCELLENCE.

" But with this, though man might be " happy, he will not always, or indeed long " be ſatisfied. He will reach at perfection " abſolute and unqualified. He forgets, that " *theoretical perfection* in government *and* " *practical oppreſſion* are cloſely allied." page 265. The freezing remark contained in this ſentence, which tends to blight all the livelieſt energies of our nature, is happily contradicted by every teacher of morality, heathen and chriſtian, who are all earneſt in their admonitions to aim at the higheſt degree of moral excellence; for though there may be a point we never can arrive at, yet no poſſible progreſs can be made, without attempting ſomething which ſeems to require the full extent of our powers: the human faculties, though capable of great exertions, ſtand in need of great incentives, for man is by nature indolent. Should the reader wiſh to be farther convinced of the wiſdom and neceſſity of this continual purſuit of improvement, let him conſult the

4th Eſſay of Dr Knox, the Dialogues of James Harris, and the laſt verſe of the fifth chapter of St Matthew's Goſpel. Political excellence can only be obtained by the improvement of individuals, as an aggregate ſum muſt be compoſed of units: the beſt form of government in theory, can exiſt in practice only by the virtues of the people: the moraliſt and the politician have therefore a joint work to perform; the endeavours of the one are ineffectual without the aid of the other: the politician prepares the ſoil, the moraliſt ſows the ſeed, and as there are different ſoils, ſo there are different forms of government, ſome of which are better adapted than others to the culture of morality; that which affords the feweſt temptations to diſhoneſty, and leaves the greateſt room for individual exertion, is the beſt ſuited to the growth of virtue, and moſt likely to be preſerved by its own inherent excellence. Much has been ſaid and written on the difference between theory and practice; but the diſpute has hitherto been, like many others, a mere diſpute about words, by miſtaking the word *plauſible* for *true*, and by too haſty a deciſion as to *true* and *falſe*: expe-

rience is the teſt of truth, and in all things which depend on human agents; and whatever theory or opinion is not practicable, is not true: to ſay that any thing is true in theory, and falſe in fact, is to ſay, that the ſame thing can be true and falſe, which is ridiculous: that one and one make two, is true, becauſe it is evident, and depends on nothing extraneous; that a government, purely repreſentative, is the beſt of all governments, can only be proved by experience; to maintain the contrary, is to ſubſtitute opinion for truth, and to give that weight to the ſpeculations of the mind, which is due only to the teſtimony of facts; yet on the other hand, to deny that any theory can be true, till it has received the full refutation of experience, is equally injurious to the progreſs of improvement, and the general happineſs of mankind, and both tend to reſtrain that which ought to know no reſtraint, the operation of intellect in the purſuit of happineſs. A very ſhort experience may prove ſome things to be true, while a ſucceſſion of ages is required to prove others to be falſe. Whoever denies that man is a being capable of ſocial improvement,

provement, muſt deny all the experience of paſt ages, and even of the preſent, yet that that improvement has its bounds, is equally certain: here ſeems to be the great error of many political writers, who have applied a term of unlimited extent to what in its nature muſt be limited, becauſe it is poſſible to conceive more than it is poſſible to execute: had they talked of the improveability of human nature, they might have met with fewer opponents; for that the world has been progreſſively improved on the whole, is not to be doubted, and what has been advancing ſo many thouſand years, it is probable is not yet compleated. The invention of man affords no ſurer means of promoting that improvement, than the exerciſe of private judgment in its utmoſt extent; that right has frequently been recogniſed, but never fully enjoyed; for even thoſe who have pretended the moſt to reſpect it, have frequently exerciſed a control over public opinion, which control is, in all inſtances, the moſt dangerous tyranny to which mankind have ever ſubmitted; becauſe it makes them ſlaves without perceiving it, and ſeems to govern them by their own conſent; and

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it ariſes, like all other tyranny, from that paſſion which has committed greater ravages in the world, than all the reſt together, the love of power: ſo extenſive are the effects of this paſſion, that they are equally felt in all ranks of ſociety, from the deſpot on a throne, to the deſpot of a private family: from ſetting the faſhion in religion, to the faſhion of a cap or a hat, and extends not only to the regulation of actions, but even of opinions; hence it is, that men have aſſumed the right of dictating to each other in matters not properly cognizable by human laws, and availing themſelves of the power which riches, relationſhip, or authority, have put in their hands, have preſumed to control the opinions and the conduct of others in matters which affect their own or other people's happineſs, only by the importance falſely attached to them, and not by any inherent neceſſity in the nature of things. I feel that I am hardly able to do juſtice to my ideas on this important ſubject, and to develope, with ſufficient force and clearneſs, the extenſive miſeries which have been occaſioned by the aſſumed power of dictating to others, and the various advantages that muſt reſult from

from the exercise of private judgment. The long and bloody wars which have been undertaken in the name, and with the pretence of religion, have originated in no other motive than that of dictating to others what they ought to believe: creeds and articles of faith are derived from the same principle; and in these, as in many other instances, a few individuals have taken upon them to think for whole nations, whom their love of power led them to keep in error and ignorance. And now to go from great, to things of lesser consequence; such is the power of fashion and custom, that every singularity of manner, dress or opinions, however harmless, convenient, or rational, is stigmatized with the most opprobrious epithets, by those who are the slaves of this many-shaped tyrant. The effects of this submission, in damping the ardor of genius, and retarding the progress of improvement, is evident from the slow advances that have taken place in the world in moral and political improvement; for ages have passed, in which only a few bold spirits have dared to advance what they knew must ensure them ridicule, persecution, or odium; so that it

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is impoſſible to eſtimate the ſum of general happineſs which has been loſt, by this reſtraint on private judgment; but theſe times, happily, are over, and the ſeaſon is haſtily approaching, when public opinion, left uncontrolled, will operate only as a reſtraint on vice and folly, and the exertions of genius and talents will be no longer cramped by the tyranny of faſhion or prejudice: to this it need not be objected, that nothing will remain fixed or ſtable among mankind after ſuch an unlimited permiſſion to change; for ſuch is the uniformity of truth, that nothing can be long admired, (when unſupported by authority) which is not ſanctioned by the voice of ſound wiſdom; it is only folly which can require external ſupport. The tyranny exerciſed by means of public opinion operates doubly; firſt, by its force on individuals, and ſecondly, by means of individuals on each other: ſome men are afraid of doing a thing, becauſe it is not cuſtomary, others becauſe they fear the cenſure of thoſe who have no other ground for their opinions but faſhion or authority, and thus act in the double capacity of tyrants and ſlaves. Though it may ſeem ſomewhat like a paradox, yet I will venture

venture to maintain, that all great changes of public opinion have proceeded ſlower in this country, conſidering its freedom, than in any other, becauſe the government has been watchful to check or promote them according to its own pleaſure. The Reformation, attempted by Wycliff, proceeded ſlowly, and was ſoon cruſhed; and that of Luther might have ſhared the ſame fate, but for the capricious tyranny of Henry VIII. The Revolution of 1688 proceeded in a manner from the government; for had not the great officers of ſtate joined the party againſt James, his family might have been yet in power, as the prejudices of the people were in favor of his divine right. Now, in all countries where the ruling powers govern by public opinion, they are anxious to control and manage that opinion as it ſuits their purpoſes; where they govern in defiance of it, they are negligent of it to their own ruin: this was the caſe in France, and is now in Germany; the government think themſelves ſecure by the force of the military, and deſpiſe the opinion of the people againſt them; but when that becomes ſufficiently general, even the military cannot reſiſt its power, and

the government have nothing left but to yield, on the beſt terms they can, to a force that can be no longer reſtrained. Here then we ſtop,—and from all that has been ſaid, I will deduce theſe two conſequences, firſt, that a government may ſtand for a long time againſt public opinion, while it has the power of the ſword; and ſecondly, that ſociety can never receive any great improvement till public opinion ceaſes to be controled. To return now to our author. That theoretical excellence and practical oppreſſion are eſſentially and not accidentally connected, remains yet to be proved, for the theory has never yet been fairly tried, its operation has been obſtructed by events which ſome men attribute to the nature of things, and others to the intervention of accident: till individual reformation has been farther advanced, it is needleſs to expect any great political improvement; but ſuppoſing the aſſertion of the author, againſt theoretical excellence, to be true, it is no impeachment of the conduct of thoſe who joined in applauding the firſt Revolution in France. Nothing had then occurred to diſappoint the moſt ſanguine expectations of the friends of liberty;

liberty; for till April, 1792, when the war began on the continent, all ſeemed proſperous and happy, and might have continued ſo, if foreign force had not interfered; but on this beaten ſubject I will not ſay any thing farther at preſent—time will convince thoſe who are proof againſt argument.

MOTIVES TO VIRTUE.

"I have no romantick ideas of virtues "without motives, and of actions without "regulations. I believe it to be a matter of "general ſafety, that crimes ſhould be *diſ-* "*cerned*, as well as repreſſed, by legal ſanc- "tions; and that the nature of juſtice, and "of injuſtice, ſhould be declared, taught, and "enforced, by law, by religion, and by edu- "cation." p. 169. For whom this is meant, the author beſt knows; for though moraliſts have differed about the motives to virtue, yet none that I ever heard of, conceived a ſpecies of virtue without motives; but it is our author's misfortune to imagine, that all thoſe who differ from him, muſt undoubtedly be fools: as to actions without regulations, he only means what he ſaid before, it is mere words: that crimes ſhould be diſcerned be-

fore they can be repreſſed, our author is not the firſt man to find out, but that they ſhould be prevented is more to be deſired than either. The difference between juſtice and injuſtice is not ſo perplexed as to require the triple inſtruction of law, religion, and education, it is only by the multitude of inſtructors that it can become confuſed. Should conſcience be found erroneous, to what other monitor can we truſt? for conſcience is only the feeling which we have of the conformity or diſagreement of our actions to a ſtandard of right.

THE CHURCH.

" By perſeverance in the conſtitution ſa-
" cred and civil *which now is.*" p. 170. Our civil conſtitution we are all acquainted with; it is that conſtitution by which our civil liberties are ſecured and preſerved; but our ſacred conſtitution is not quite ſo intelligible, for, ſacred, means inviolable; and if our church is aſſerted to be of that nature, we are little better than papiſts. To call that conſtitution ſacred, which has been acknowledged, by its beſt defenders, to depend, as to its form, on the will of the ſtate, ſeems to be

be rather a miſapplication of terms; it is bringing us back to the times of Laud and Sacheverell, which the better judgment of ſuch men as Hoadly and Shipley had taught us to forget: they never talked of our church eſtabliſhment but as the creature of the ſtate; becauſe they knew and confeſſed, that a church is but a mode of teaching chriſtianity, and has, in different ages, varied according to the opinions of the times, from the ſimple επίσκοπος,* or preſbyter, to the Lord Biſhops of the preſent day; and though a proteſtant Biſhop is rather a humbler being than a ſovereign pontiff, yet both are very remote from the ſimple adminiſtration of the primitive times: let us then hear no more of the ſacred conſtitution of a church, which to-day may have one form, and to-morrow take entirely another.

THE PLATONISTS.

" Thomas Taylor, tranſlator of Plotinus, " parts of Plato, the fable of Cupid and " Pſyche from Apuleius, Hymns, &c. the " would-be reſtorer of unintelligible myſti- " ciſm

* The words επισκοπος and πρεσβυτερος are every where uſed ſynonymouſly in the Epiſtles.

" ciſm and ſuperſtitious pagan nonſenſe. " All that Iamblichus revealed to Ædeſius." p. 181. Though this note ill agrees with what the author has elſewhere ſaid of Plotinus, vide p. 415. and in his Tranſlations, p. 95. yet I ſhould be ſorry to defend all the pagan methodiſm of the latter Platoniſts, or even the ſublime theology of Plato; but I reſpect the virtuous labors of Thomas Taylor, and I admire any ſyſtem of belief which leads to purity and ſimplicity of manners, in an age of unprincipled profligacy. Mr Gibbon has told us of all that Iamblichus revealed to Ædeſius, vol. 1. p. 65. and the Monthly Review for September, 1795, has the very words of our author, which were not publiſhed till May, 1796: he beſt knows from whence ariſes this coincidence.

PORTRAITS.

" See in the title page to the poſthumous " Works of Edward Gibbon, Eſq. in 2 v. " 4to. publiſhed by Lord Sheffield, an en- " graving of THE HISTORIAN OF THE " ROMAN EMPIRE, which his lordſhip de- " clares to be " as complete a likeneſs of Mr " Gibbon, as to perſon, face, and manner, as " can

" can be *conceived.*" *!!!* I have no doubt of " Lord S.'s friendſhip for Mr. Gibbon, but " why hang up his friend in effigy to the " ridicule of the preſent age and of all poſ- " terity?—I juſt remind all collectors of " prints, that there is to be had not only the " head of Dr. Gillies, and other hiſtorick " cooks, of Dr. Denman the man-midwife, " of Mr. William Coxe, traveller and friend " to half the crowned heads in Europe, " *with his age* at the bottom of the print, " and of other great perſonages; but there " are ſtill left ſome choice proof impreſſions " of the ſtriking *head and likeneſs* of Mr. " *John Farley*, PRINCIPAL COOK at the Lon- " don Tavern, to be purchaſed ſeparate from " his great culinary work, being all that " were left unſubſcribed for by the Lord " Mayor and Court of Aldermen, by the " Eaſt India and Bank Directors, and by " Mr. Pitt and the elder Brethren of the " Trinity Houſe." p. 185. The author's delicacy and humanity, which ſeldom come from his heart, ſeem here to be a little miſ-placed: if nature was not kind to Mr Gibbon in the formation of his perſon, why ſhould either he or his friends be aſhamed

of

of it? Perſonal defects are beneath the notice of a philoſopher, and he muſt have a pitiful ſpirit who can either ridicule thoſe of others, or lament his own. Lord Sheffield certainly never could imagine that he was doing any injury to Mr Gibbon's memory, by giving a faithful repreſentation of his perſon; and he has ſurely done a ſervice to the world by contributing to leſſen the regret at perſonal defects, when they ſee them joined to ſuch talents as thoſe of Mr Gibbon; littleneſs or deformity of perſon are indeed never contemptible nor pitiable, but when accompanied by ſimilar qualities of the ſoul and temper. The ſilly ſneer at the amateurs of prints only ſerves to ſhew the gentleman's own ignorance, in one branch of knowledge at leaſt, for few people deſpiſe what they underſtand; or perhaps it was only meant to convey his ill-nature againſt Dr Gillies, whom, in ſpite of all his attempts to conceal it, he certainly diſlikes; againſt Dr Denman, whoſe profeſſion he makes a term of reproach; and againſt others, who have been honored with having their likeneſſes engraved, while that honor has not yet reached him. The mere deſire of gathering together

together a greater number of prints than any other perſon, or of poſſeſſing ſuch as are only valuable becauſe they are rare, is certainly a very contemptible propenſity, and as much deſerves to be ridiculed as any other ſilly fondneſs, which has no uſeful deſign or tendency; but the deſire to poſſeſs the fineſt ſpecimens of one of the moſt elegant and ingenious arts of civilized ſociety, or the portraits of perſons in any degree eminent, is praiſeworthy and uſeful, as it tends to promote the improvement of a pleaſing art, to perpetuate the remembrance of departed excellence, and to convey an idea of the perſons of thoſe who have been diſtinguiſhed from their fellow-creatures, either by their talents, virtues, or peculiarities; and if Mr John Farley poſſeſſed the art of pleaſing the palates of the citizens of London better than any other cunning artificer of curious meats, I ſee no earthly cauſe why Mr John Farley ſhould not have his portrait engraved for the pleaſure of thoſe who love good eating, as that of any other man has been engraved for their pleaſure, who love to ſee the portraits of thoſe who have in any line excelled; and even if our author, when he is known, had

his likeneſs in a print, I ſhould be happy to add it to the number I already poſſeſs of thoſe who have in any degree acquired celebrity.

AKENSIDE.

" I will add here, that if any *young* man of " genius, claſſical learning, and poetical ar- " dour, would preſent the world with a " Greek tranſlation of AKENSIDE's " *Hymn* " *to the Naiads*," and ſubmit it to the correc- " tion of an experienced Greek ſcholar be- " fore publication, he might eſtabliſh a learn- " ed and honourable reputation for himſelf, " and add another compoſition worthy of " Homer or Callimachus." p. 191. Yet they had better let the Hymn to the Naiads alone; it is Greek already, in its mythology, its imagery, and turn of ſentiment. A poem of more beautiful expreſſion, more exquiſite delicacy of feeling, and more harmonious meaſure does not exiſt in our language, the Lycidas of Milton alone excepted: yet one of theſe, the unfeeling Johnſon has coarſely derided, and the other he has paſſed by in ſilence. To ſay that a tranſlation of the Hymn to the Naiads might reſemble Homer or Callimachus indifferently, is to ſay, that

theſe

theſe two poets are like each other: they have both written hymns to the gods, it is true, but in a very different ſtile; ſo that their reſemblance is pretty much the ſame as Fluellen's compariſon between Alexander and Harry of Monmouth, vide Henry V. In the firſt place, their language is different, for though the Greek language has changed leſs than any other in the ſame ſpace of time, yet 700 years will make great alterations in any language, and this was nearly the ſpace between theſe two poets. They are both admirable in their kind, yet no more like each other than an old man and a man in the vigor of youth. Homer is diffuſely narrative, ſimple, familiar, deſcriptive, and ſometimes tedious; Callimachus is concifely ſublime, forcible, pathetic, artificial, and impreſſive; and whoever wiſhes to be convinced of this, need only read the two hymns which they have written moſt nearly on the ſame ſubject; that of Homer to Apollo, and thoſe of Callimachus to Apollo and Delos; Homer ſings the hiſtory of Apollo, Callimachus his praiſes: the one is all nature, the other all art; ſo much for their reſemblance. Akenſide is like neither

of them exactly, he has more ſentiment than Homer, and leſs ſublimity than Callimachus; his compound epithets he has borrowed from the Greeks, but his are leſs expreſſive than theirs; in harmony of numbers, he is little their inferior, but in elegant and appropriate diction, he is below them, inaſmuch as Greek is inferior to Engliſh: for his uſe of heathen mythology, he has been blamed by many taſteleſs lovers of propriety, who forget that the names of the heathen deities are but names for the properties of human nature, or the operations of the univerſe. Akenſide has neither the conciſe ſublimity of Callimachus, nor the pleaſing prolixity of Homer: he ſings of humbler deities than they did, and his ſtrain is ſuited to his ſubject: as the Naiads are the ſources of health, decency, and comfort, the ſtile in which he celebrates their praiſes is pure, equable, and elegant, leſs ſimple than Homer, yet more humble than Callimachus. The other works of this author are all admirable, but his Pleaſures of Imagination is that on which his fame principally depends; it is one of the fineſt poems in our language, not merely in its poetical execution, but in its moral tendency:

dency: it is meant to exalt the finer feelings of the ſoul to the perception of moral pleaſure, and lead them from taſte to virtue: the ſublime and refined ſyſtem of Plato is the ſource of the author's ſentiments, but they are arrayed in charms which even Plato failed to give them, and had he lived to ſee them ſo adorned, he muſt, in this inſtance at leaſt, have relaxed his ſeverity againſt poets; it conveys, in every line, the moſt refined and exalted ideas; it glows throughout with the love of elegance, proportion, and harmony, yet all theſe are ſubſervient to the ſentiments of virtue and liberty: whether his ſyſtem is true or not, I will not venture to decide; that it is grand and beautiful no one will deny: to me it ſeems that imagination has added to the charms of truth, and deduced it from an origin, at leaſt doubtful, yet certainly ſublime. Though this great poet was my townſman, I have frequently attempted, without ſucceſs, to acquire ſome information of his early hiſtory; nothing more is known of him than Johnſon and Hawkins have related, and one anecdote which the diligent hiſtorian of our native town has recorded, in his

his Remarks on Popular Antiquities; that, after him, I have failed to acquire any thing new on a ſubject on which he appears to have taken much pains, is not to be wondered: the truth is, our poet was little thought of in his own town, he left it early, for poetry and commerce have no connection, and after he had left it, his friends probably thought no more of him; they were low people, and could not be ſuppoſed able to appreciate his worth, yet he has left a name behind him which has illuſtrated the place of his birth, and put to ſhame his dull cotemporaries, for of all thoſe who inhabited the town in his life-time, perhaps not one is now remembered,—ſuch is the pre-eminence which genius can beſtow.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

" This is the warning voice which ſhould
" be heard, and heard *aloud* in aſſemblies fre-
" quent and full, in all churches and in all
" cathedrals; but chief in thoſe twin-ſiſters
" of learning, the Univerſities of England,
" Oxford and Cambridge, which can be ſup-
" ported *on thoſe principles alone*, on which
" they were founded, and *by which* they have
" flouriſhed."

" flouriſhed." p. 192. As the Univerſities were founded on Roman Catholic principles, and have ſince been adapted to a proteſtant eſtabliſhment, it is to be hoped they will ſtill keep pace with the ſpirit of the times, and be ready to accede to whatever change the ſtate, in its wiſdom, may think beſt ſuited for the increaſe of virtue and happineſs: whenever that time comes, I have no doubt its reverend teachers will yield, with that due ſubmiſſion which becomes chriſtian miniſters, to the will of the ſuperior powers; no one will deny, that the defects of our two Univerſities, as places of education for public life, are many and great, yet notwithſtanding the unrefuted remonſtrances of individuals, they ſtill remain unreformed, owing to that dread of innovation which has poſſeſſed all the privileged claſſes of ſociety, and blinded them to their true intereſt: the evils complained of have been frequently enumerated; I will not attempt to do more than repeat them, yet every revival of the ſubject may make it more evident. In places where great numbers of young men, in the heat and vigor of youth, are collected together, it is almoſt impoſſible to prevent ſome irregularities, and many

many follies. Yet ſtill it behoves thoſe who are concerned in their education, to leſſen, as much as poſſible, the temptations to vice, to correct the effects of the more dangerous paſſions, and to ſtrengthen the motives to moral and intellectual improvement; yet inſtead of this, a bundle of obſolete ſtatutes ſupplies the place of effective regulations; the means of inſtruction are few, and the temptations to idleneſs are many and frequent: frivolous ceremonies are more regarded than moral duties, wealth and rank are more honoured than virtue and knowledge. The want of public examinations is ſeverely felt in many colleges, for they are the only means of bringing forth what young men know, and the beſt inducement to add to their ſtores; but theſe examinations ſhould be ſuited to all capacities, and on ſubjects generally uſeful, neither too ſimple, nor too difficult, and adapted to the different propenſities of thoſe for whom they are intended: for this purpoſe, young men ought not to be kept at a diſtance from their tutors; at preſent, theſe gentlemen are much too ſtiff and reſerved; artificial dignity may ſuffer from too near an inſpection, from too great a familiarity; but true dignity can never

never be leſſened by intimacy, while it preſerves a proper decorum; a ſimilarity of purſuits, is a bond of union, with all ages and all degrees: at preſent, young men are left too much together; the company of their tutors, if they knew how to be familiar without loſing reſpect, might frequently reſtrain them from vicious indulgences, and give ſupport and aſſiſtance in many virtuous purſuits: at leaſt, there are many who, I am certain, might have been ſo preſerved from vice and indolence. Another great evil, in both our Univerſities, is the little attention that is paid, in moſt colleges, to the election of fellows, of thoſe who are to be the future guardians of our youth: wherever this right belongs to the ſociety, they are bound by the ſtricteſt obligation, by the will of their founder, to elect the moſt worthy and ſufficient; yet for all this, I am ſorry to ſay, and I ſay it from a painful knowledge of the fact, that this is very little attended to: for ſome men are elected, merely becauſe they are good companions; others, becauſe they ſhow an accommodating diſpoſition, and are not likely to diſturb the affairs of the college, that is, endeavor to recall it to its original

principles; others are choſen, becauſe they are connected, by intereſt or relationſhip, with the leaders of the ſociety; others again, becauſe they are mere cyphers; others, becauſe they are next in ſeniority, where the ſociety wiſh to avoid the trouble of a conteſt; and others, becauſe they are good mathematicians; but few, very few indeed, becauſe they are men qualified by their morals, their manners, and their knowledge, to be the inſtructors of youth, yet this is a ſacred truſt, and not to be conferred lightly; in every ſociety, therefore, where men are elected with any view to this employment, for all certainly are not, it is the indiſpenſible duty of their electors, to conſider whether their moral and intellectual endowments enable them, with zeal, affection, and ſteadineſs, to preſerve, in the moſt dangerous period of their lives, the unformed youth committed to their vigilance, from the ſnares and temptations to which they are expoſed. As an ardent admirer of thoſe inſtitutions, which were at firſt founded with the nobleſt deſign, and with the moſt liberal munificence, I have ventured to offer a few remarks on the means of preſerving them from

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that ſweeping devaſtation which will probably one day overtake them, if they are found wanting in the great purpoſes for which they were intended, for they can finally be preſerved only by their own intrinſic worth.

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS.

" I allude to the grand emigration of " French prieſts and others to England, at " the late Revolution in France. (1796.)" p. 193. To the cauſe of the Roman Catholics, which occupies ſo large a portion of the author's book, I am deſirous to do juſtice, not from any partiality to their tenets or their diſcipline, but from an impartial love of juſtice, and compaſſion towards all ſects and parties who are miſrepreſented or oppreſſed. The Roman Catholics, I am perſuaded, are the moſt loyal, dutiful, and affectionate ſubjects in the nation, and why are they ſo, but from the liberal policy which has been adopted towards them in this country, ſo different from what they have experienced in Ireland? That there is any hope or intention, either among the clergy or the laity of that perſuaſion, of the reſtoration of their eſtabliſhment, or the propagation of

their opinions, is, I believe, as deſtitute of truth, as many other chimeras of our author's invention: they know it to be impoſſible; they know that the ſtream runs the other way; and many of the moſt zealous Catholics, ſo far from looking to the reſtoration of popery, lament, with bitter tears, the general progreſs of infidelity; they know too, that as another church is endowed with the riches of the ſtate, they have little chance of making converts from that church, againſt their temporal intereſt: the author ſeems to confound popery as it is, with what it was a hundred years ago; but he is miſtaken, for the popery of the preſent day, even where it is eſtabliſhed, is not domineering nor inſulting to others; it aims at no extenſion, even of temporal power, and is limited to a very few ſtates; and, where it is not eſtabliſhed, but tolerated, it ſubmits with prudence to the will of the government: its conduct is exemplary, though its doctrines are ridiculous: it ſeeks not to diſturb others, and all it aſks is the quiet enjoyment of its own belief; yet this is the religion which the author of the Purſuits of Literature has repreſented as reſtleſs, active,

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and diſſatisfied, ever ſeeking its own aggrandiſement, and content with nothing leſs than ſovereign power, and viewing, with malignity, all the eſtabliſhments of the earth; yet, for all this, the Quakers are not more quiet than the Roman Catholics: had they always been of this temper, the peace of the world had never been diſturbed by them, nor the religion of Jeſus corrupted. But ſhould we allow that any danger is to be apprehended from the Catholics, it is not from their own efforts, but from the partiality of ſome of our rulers to their doctrines, for, at preſent, they are by the law of the land in direct ſubjection to the Church of England.——The author, p. 195, has accuſed the Catholics of intolerance to men of other perſuaſions; let him recollect, that the 13th article of our church expreſsly ſays, that all works done by thoſe who have not received the inſpiration of the Holy Spirit, have the nature of ſin; that is, they are not acceptable.—In p. 196, he has raiſed a great alarm about a manual of the Catholics, which, from his account, I had believed to contain treaſon and gunpowder plots in every line; yet this formidable engine, this ſixpenny cannon, which

which is to batter down the eſtabliſhment, both in church and ſtate; which is to diſpoſe of the ſouls and bodies of all the nation, and prepare for the triumphant entry of popery into theſe realms, is neither more nor leſs, than a mere ſpiritual red-book for the uſe of Catholic communicants, and uſeful to them only. It contains, firſt, an almanack of the feaſts, and faſts, and times of indulgence, with the colors of the particular veſtments, to be uſed by the prieſt on each particular day, marked at the ſide in a capital initial letter, of different colors, which our author repreſents as ſo alarming: he could not have thought ſo, that is impoſſible, he muſt have meant to deceive others, by a pompous diſplay of very ſimple facts; after this, follow various articles of information, uſeful only to Catholics, which Catholics only can deſire to know, ſuch as a liſt of Engliſh Papiſts who have ſuffered by a French Revolution; and a liſt of names of thoſe who have taken refuge in this country, with their places of reſidence; an obituary of Roman Catholics; and a liſt of Catholic ſeminaries and convents; to which is added, by the bookſeller, without any blunder at all, a liſt

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of the medicines ſold by him under the authority of government, like all other quack medicines. I will not attempt to expoſe the gentleman's ſtupid rant (for argument or evidence there is none) by any thing but facts, for they ſpeak moſt ſtrongly of the harmleſs and inoffenſive nature of this mighty performance— The Layman's Directory; a work in which there is no inclination, no alluſion, no tendency, to any thing ſeditious or dangerous.

DIVINITY.

A liſt of books *preparatory* to the ſtudy of divinity, which the author has given, and which is too long to be here inſerted, might well frighten a modeſt candidate for the miniſtry, and make him ſay with the Apoſtle, "Who is ſufficient for theſe things?" Now when we recollect that all theſe books, and many hundred thouſand more, were written to explain one little volume, we naturally aſk, have they made it more plain or more unintelligible? In the hiſtory of human learning, there is perhaps nothing more ſurpriſing than the contraſt between the ſimplicity of the goſpel and the intricacy of the ſtudy of divinity.

divinity. The novelties which have been introduced by men of inventive faculties, the diſputes that have been raiſed by ſubtle logicians, have multiplied to ſuch an extent, the doctrines of religion, that they ſerve more to perplex, than to convince, to draw men from the performance of practical duties, to the contemplation of refined ſubtleties, and to ſubſtitute faith for morality: belief ſeems now to be all that is required of a chriſtian, nay with many, much leſs; to profeſs to be a chriſtian is ſufficient, ſo much has the increaſe of doctrines ſubverted the pure ſimplicity and honeſty of chriſtian faith: with ſome people, religion is a trade; with others, it is a habit, rather than a ſentiment or a principle, and thoſe who go moſt regularly to church, may yet be filled with vanity, malice, and avarice, with hatred and all uncharitableneſs: articles heaped upon articles, and ceremonies upon ceremonies, have cruſhed the vital ſpirit of chriſtianity, and made it now no more than a name, or a bare remembrance of what once exiſted. Though it is not to be denied that chriſtianity, in its preſent ſtate, is very different from what it was in the primitive times, yet our church profeſſes

profeſſes to hold no doctrines which may not fairly be proved out of the ſacred writings; now in this they deceive themſelves and others, even more than the Roman Catholics, for *they* profeſs to be bound by the church alone, and deny the right of private judgment in interpreting the word of God, a right on which the Proteſtant Church expreſsly reſts; but in the 19th and 20th Articles, ſhe declares, that ſhe has *authority in matters of faith, yet that it is not allowed her to enjoin any thing contrary to God's word;* but while ſhe claims the power of determining what is the word of God, the reſt is a mere ſhew of humility, a mere pretence to deceive. To this corrupt ſtate of chriſtianity, it is not to be wondered that many ſtill adhere, both from conviction and intereſt; for conviction does not always proceed from inveſtigation, and intereſt attaches thoſe who require no other proofs; to believe or profeſs chriſtianity is one thing, to be a chriſtian is another; though frequently miſtaken for each other, no two things can be more different.

GODWIN.

" I have given ſome attention to Mr. " Godwin's work " ON POLITICAL JUS- " TICE," (firſt publiſhed in 2 vols. 4to; and " ſince in 2 vols. 8vo.) as conceiving it to " be the CODE of *improved* modern ethicks, " morality, and legiſlation." p. 210. To the merits of Mr Godwin's work on Political Juſtice I am happy to bear my teſtimony of applauſe; it is impoſſible for any man to read it without having his rational faculties ſtrengthened and improved: it holds out the ſtrongeſt motives to virtue, and diſguiſes no principle for fear of offending the prejudices of the world; ſuch books alone do good, they go to the bottom of things, while weaker moraliſts reſt only on the ſurface, and leave men juſt where they found them, or make them worſe: it is more rational than the ſyſtem of the Stoics, and more refined than that of Epicurus. The principles that were ſcattered in Rouſſeau, Hume, and Helvetius, he has gathered together into one connected ſyſtem, and with ſome few exceptions, his book forms the moſt intelligible code of morality now extant. Mr Godwin's

Godwin's life and writings are thoſe of a true and diſpaſſionate lover of wiſdom, he ſeeks only to inſtruct mankind by ſlow and gentle degrees, he is an enemy to all violence, either in action or diſputation; he knows that men can only be improved by enlightening their judgment, and therefore he has, at all times, endeavored to repreſs every proceeding of an inflammatory tendency among his friends and admirers; for this he forfeited the friendſhip of a celebrated popular declaimer, whoſe intentions were at leaſt queſtionable, though ſome people pronounced them to be evident. By thoſe who are anxious to reſiſt his principles, his credit is ſaid to be on the decline, but theſe men forget that Mr Godwin's is not a noiſy, tumultuous addreſs to the paſſions of men, calculated to ſet the world in an uproar, but a calm, rational ſyſtem, intended to develope and improve the judgment, and therefore ſlow in its operation, and ſilent in its effects: it is addreſſed to the individual in his cloſet, and not to the multitude in camps, and courts, and crowds.

JOHNSON AND PARR.

" I have been miſunderſtood. I hold up " none of Dr Parr's ſeſquipedalia verba to " ridicule; it is his verbiage and phraſeology " which I reprobate. It would be ridiculous " indeed to compare *the Birmingham Doctor* " with Dr Samuel Johnſon. I am not his " Biographer. It is not his life, but his " writings which I criticiſe." page 219.— The reſemblance between Dr Parr and Dr Johnſon, has been perceived by many who are not very partial to either; there are the ſame ſeſquipedalian words to be found in both writers; the ſame pompoſity of diction, the ſame inverſion of the language: they have equally contributed to withdraw us from that ſimplicity which Addiſon and Middleton had taught us to admire, and diſguiſed the poverty and repetition of their ideas under a heavy load of words. Johnſon has taught us nothing new; he has put the common topics of inſtruction into a new dreſs, but he has made no diſcoveries either in ſcience or morality: he was, therefore, not a man of genius, but of talents; for genius invents, talents only arrange, diſpoſe,

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and modify, adorn, compare, and compound; genius is the lot of few, talents fall to the ſhare of many, in different proportions and degrees; ſome men are born to create knowledge, others to acquire it, and teach what they have learnt: Johnſon had not the erudition of Parr, nor has Parr all the wiſdom of Johnſon; nor do we find in either of them that wiſdom which lays down principles, but that which developes them; there is in both the ſame ſpirit of domineering, the ſame impatience of contradiction, the ſame blind attachment to their own belief: the one has the prejudices of a Tory, the other of a Whig; but as the latter are more liberal than the former, they are leſs diſguſting, yet equally averſe to improvement, beyond their own ideas of right; there is in both the ſame credulity, the ſame ſuſceptibility of being flattered: the one was impoſed on by the Cock-lane ghoſt, the other by the Shakſpear manuſcripts. In the powers of argument Dr Parr is certainly not inferior to his mighty predeceſſor, and, in ſtrength of language, he is always his equal; yet it is to be lamented, that he has waſted his time and his talents, on ſubjects infinitely beneath him,

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though he has contrived to introduce incidentally, many paſſages which diſplay the full ſtrength of his powers, on ſubjects which call for the fulleſt exertion of the moſt enlarged intellect, and intereſt the feelings of all ranks: yet even theſe are in danger of being loſt to poſterity, for few readers, in future times, will think of looking for politics or morality in a Sequel to a Printed Paper, or a Statement of Facts, &c.—This it is which ſets Parr below Johnſon; he has never exerted his powers directly on any ſubject of importance; there is only one book which will ſave him from being forgotten, his Tracts by Warburton; there indeed he has diſplayed the full extent of his powers, and exhauſted the language in terms of cauſtic ſeverity, in bitterneſs of reproof, and dignity of ſentiment: yet even here we are only amuſed by an attack on an individual, and not improved by any developement of general principles. That Dr Parr has not written with the ſimplicity of Addiſon, is no more to be objected to him as a fault, than that an oak is not a poplar or a plane; and if excellence in writing is not reſtrained to one ſpecies, he deſerves the praiſe of having exalted

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that in which he has written to its greateſt pitch. Thoſe men who are delighted with the ſimplicity of Addiſon, it will certainly not pleaſe; but thoſe who admire ſomething more animating, and more impreſſive, it will not fail to delight. Dr Parr's ſingularity conſiſts more in the arrangement than the choice of his words; he has not always the pompous terms of Johnſon, but who will deny that he often imitates him? there is in both the ſame dilation of ideas, the ſame verboſity, the ſame inverſion of the language in forced and awkward ſentences; there are, however, on the whole, more points in which they reſemble each other than in which they differ. Our author has only compared the nature of their works, not their merits as writers. "What has Dr Parr written?" is a fair queſtion; but we ought alſo to aſk, how he has written. "A ſermon or two, rather long;" does this detract from the merits of a ſermon, or ſay of it all it deſerves? "A Latin Preface to Bellendenus, (rather "long too) containing a cento of Latin and "Greek expreſſions applied to political ſub-"jects:" is this a juſt character of the happy ingenuity with which claſſical quotations are applied

applied to modern events? with which learning, the moſt minute and extenſive, is rendered ſubſervient to politics, and ancient writers deſcribe living characters: it is a work of unrivalled learning, memory, and brilliancy. "Another preface to ſome Eng-"liſh tracts:" this is no character of that preface, which is certainly the fineſt philippic in the language. "And two or three "pamphlets about his own private quar-"rels:" if any of his readers can ſuffer their judgment to be miſled by ſuch empty aſſertions, they muſt be more inclined than they ought to be to take opinions upon truſt; a more unfair attempt was never made to bias the public againſt a great man; for without ſaying a word of the merits of his writings, he has endeavoured to make it believed, that they are worthy of little notice or regard. In the enumeration of Dr Parr's works, the author has, with his uſual want of candor, omitted to mention that which does him moſt credit, by its language, ſpirit, and ſentiments; I mean the Letter to the Diſſenters of Birmingham, from a Citizen of Irenopolis, which, though it does not bear his name,

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has never been diſowned by the Doctor or his friends.

" Dr Parr publiſhed at Birmingham what " he called " *A printed paper ;*" and after " that, " A Sequel to a *printed Paper*," a very " large pamphlet, *de omni ſcibili*, as uſual." p. 221. This is a proof that our author has either intentionally miſrepreſented Dr Parr, or never read his works, for it was not the Doctor who publiſhed a printed paper, but as the title expreſſes, a Sequel to a printed Paper, written by another perſon : it is even ridiculous to ſuppoſe, that he wrote both the Paper and the Sequel, to which it is an anſwer ; as to all that waſte of learning which the gentleman has employed to ridicule Dr Parr, or perhaps to gratify his own vanity, it is uſeleſs to either purpoſe ; it is trifling and ridiculous, and has neither humor nor vivacity.

MR HAYLEY's LIFE OF MILTON.

" Mr Hayley wrote a long life, or rather " a ſort of defence of Milton, as I think, pre- " fixed to Boydell's grand edition of the " poet. I like neither the ſpirit nor the exe- " cution of Mr H.'s work." p. 223. Our

author finds fault with the ſpirit and the execution of Mr Hayley's work, yet nothing can be more amiable than the one, though the other is not faultleſs. The life of Milton was written with the pureſt intentions, to vindicate the character, not the principles of the great poet, from the unjuſt aſperity of his mercileſs biographer; the ſtile is ſometimes redundant, and not always correct, yet theſe are trifles compared to the mild and candid ſentiments of its amiable author: it is evident he is no friend to the republican principles of Milton, yet his love of juſtice and impartiality will not ſuffer him to believe, from an accurate examination of his life, that he was not actuated by the pureſt motives; and he every where cautiouſly diſtinguiſhes between his intentions and principles; he ſees no ground to impeach the one, though he cannot approve the other: how different is this from the groſs, indiſcriminating violence of Johnſon, who uſes every occaſion to vilify the poet's character, to exaggerate his failings, and conceal his virtues; for he ſeemed to believe, that no man can be a republican upon principle, yet nothing can be more illiberal than to impeach a man's ho-

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neſty for mere difference of ſentiment, for when his actions neither tend to power nor emolument, it is right to ſuppoſe that the love of juſtice is his only motive; this was the caſe with Milton, he neither ſought for nor obtained riches, his only object was to inſtruct mankind, and he was as far exalted above the common purſuits of intereſt or ambition, as the fame he has acquired is above the common lot of mortality; his life was untainted by a ſingle act of vice or meanneſs, and his ſoul, which was pure from the hands of his Maker, returned to him unſullied by the world: his language was congenial to his feelings, and diſplays a happy union of energy and ſweetneſs, a peculiar turn of expreſſion, which has never yet been equalled, and will probably never be excelled: it was meant ſimply to expreſs, not to adorn his thoughts, and if it is ſuperior to that of others, it ariſes only from the ſuperiority of his ideas: in his poetry there is a ſpirit approaching to divine, and in his proſe a force and energy never to be equalled; when theſe ceaſe to be ſtudied and admired, it may ſafely be pronounced, that taſte, liberty, and virtue are on the decline. To return now to Mr

Hayley, who has given the author of the Purſuits of Literature ſo much offence, though what it is that has offended him he has not choſen particularly to expreſs: I fear it is the ſpirit of truth, candor, and juſtice, which are every where apparent in that beautiful work; if ſo, I leave him to the chaſtiſement which every man muſt feel who is poſſeſſed by oppoſite ſentiments; but I will do him the juſtice to ſay, I do not believe he has ever read that moſt pleaſing piece of biography, in our language; for if he had, and is not the moſt hardened bigot that ever exiſted, he could not condemn a work ſo amuſing and ſo honorable to its author's feelings: he has heard, moſt likely, that it was written to juſtify Milton againſt the miſrepreſentations of Johnſon, and therefore took it for certain that it contained an approbation of all his republican conduct and principles.

COUNT RUMFORD.

"See the Experimental Eſſays, Political, "Economical, and Philoſophical, by BEN-"JAMIN Count of RUMFORD, &c. &c. &c." p. 224. Though Count Rumford certainly deſerves credit for his cheap inventions, and they

they might have been of great ſervice in Bavaria, where the poor were literally left to ſtarve for want of employment, yet I am ſorry that the poor of this country ſhould ever be dependent upon ſoup ſhops and digeſters for their ſupport; wherever they cannot maintain themſelves by their induſtry, in a country like this, which boaſts of monopolizing the trade of the world, there muſt be ſomething wrong in the diſtribution and circulation of its wealth, for the poor have a right to be fed plenteouſly, as well as the rich. I am not deſirous to confound the diſtinction of ranks, by pulling down the opulent and wealthy, yet I am for raiſing the poor to a condition of eaſe and comfort, not independent of their induſtry, but the conſequence of it; for I heſitate not to maintain, that when a man, in any country, cannot ſupport his family by the ſweat of his brow, he has a right to ſay, that he is treated unjuſtly: the poor are the ſtrength and ſinews of the ſtate; it is a matter of prudence then, as well as of juſtice, to provide that they enjoy health, plenty, and independence; without this, their ſuperiors may

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ſuffer as well as themſelves: it is miſtaken policy to deny any ſet of men their rights.

THE BISHOP OF LANDAFF AND MR GIBBON.

" I would alſo particularly recommend the " peruſal of the Sixth Letter of the Series of " Letters which the Biſhop addreſſed to Mr. " Gibbon." p. 224. Notwithſtanding our author's aſſertion, I am of opinion, that a more flimſy, ſuperficial apology for chriſtianity never was written To an affectation of candor and liberality it is alone indebted for its ſucceſs; and yet for this true chriſtians did not thank him, and unbelievers ſmiled at his weakneſs. This is, perhaps, not the time to point out particularly where the Biſhop has failed to remove the objections of the infidel, yet it is by no means difficult. Though there are perhaps no two characters more different than thoſe of Biſhop Watſon and Mr Gibbon, yet there is no doubt the objects of their public life were the ſame, and theſe were, fame and preferment: the one ſought to obtain the great object of his purſuit by an appearance of plainneſs, bluntneſs, and ſincerity; the other feared to offend the pre-

prejudices of the world, by an open, manly declaration of his ſentiments, and therefore dealt out his malevolence in dark and diſingenuous ſneers, and courted the favor of the great by the mean artifices of inſinuation and flattery: the reward of the one was diſappointment and diſguſt, the other is not yet in a ſtate to receive the final decree of the public, on his life, character, and ſervices.

MR ROSCOE.

" The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called " the Magnificent, by William Roſcoe," 2 vol. 4to. p. 228. Though I admire the claſſical elegance and liberal ſpirit of Mr Roſcoe's work, I will not conſent to beſtow upon it all the praiſe of our author; for though he has done all he has done, well, yet he has omitted many things which are required in a work of that nature: he has not gone to any great depth on any ſubject, but particularly on the revival of literature, and the origin of the Italian language; they are ſubjects that require a greater depth of reſearch than I have it in my power to undertake at preſent. Mr Gibbon has partially glanced at the firſt, in his laſt volume, for his

his hiſtory ends where that ſubject begins; yet it is to be lamented that he beſtowed ſo much time on the dark ages, and has left in darkneſs the hiſtory of the revival of learning, to illuſtrate which his talents and erudition were ſo admirably adapted. The other ſubject has been ſlightly noticed by Dr Burney, in his ſecond volume of the Hiſtory of Muſic; but, as he has adopted an opinion contrary to that of the learned, accurate, and induſtrious Giannone, I am inclined to believe he is miſtaken, though, from the authority of Muratori, Maffei, and Creſcembini, he has aſſerted that the Italian language had not acquired any conſiſtency before the end of the twelfth century; for though I have not theſe confuſed and ponderous authors at hand to conſult, yet I have the luminous page of Giannone before me, and he expreſsly ſays, it had taken root and vigor towards the end of the ninth century. —Hiſt. di Napoli. lib. 4. cap. 10. ſec. 2. The Bulgarians, about the year 668, were introduced into the country of Naples; and though they had not forgot the uſe of their own language, in the year 830, yet they alſo ſpoke Latin, ſays P. Warnefrid, who lived

in

in the ninth century. " By which," ſays Giannone, " we are not to underſtand that " they ſpoke the Roman Latin, which, at " that time, was fallen into diſuſe, and only " retained in writing, and even there much " corrupted; and a new, popular, and com- " mon language, which had ariſen from " the mixture of many ſtrange languages, " was now intoduced into Italy, and called " Italian. So early as the time of Juſtinian, " Fornerius ſpeaks of a public inſtrument at " Ravenna compoſed in that language, which " is called the vulgar tongue of Italy, and " Conſtantine Porphyrogenitus calls Bene- " vento and Venice, Citta Nova in Italian in " the year 910." Now theſe are proofs, and he has given many others, that the Italian had acquired great ſtability in the eleventh century; but by what means it arrived from rude corruption to vigor and elegance, it is now almoſt impoſſible to diſcover. The preſent orthography of the Italians may lead us, in ſome inſtances, to find out the pronunciation of the Latin, and to ſee how it became corrupted: for I have no doubt that one of theſe corruptions aroſe from the vulgar mode of the common people in

writing as they ſpeak; for inſtance, the word *oggie*, in Italian, is evidently a corrupt mode of ſpelling *hodie*, in Latin, for the meaning is the ſame in both, and it is alſo a proof that the Romans pronounced *hodie* as if it was written with two *g's*.—*giorno*, in Italian, is alſo corrupted from *hodierno*—*latte* from *lacte*; for it is to be remarked that the ablative caſe of the Latin generally forms the nominative of the Italian. *Bocca*, was probably the pronunciation of *bucca*; *fede* is from the ablative of *fides*, which was therefore moſt likely pronounced *fedes*; *oſtro*, the ablative of *auſter*, ſpoken alſo moſt probably *oſter*; *otto* from *octo*, which was pronounced *otto*, to avoid the harſh ſound of the two conſonants *ct*. I might go on with a hundred other inſtances, but theſe, I truſt, will ſuffice to convince my readers, that the pronunciation of the Italians was derived from that of the Romans, wherever the orthography of the one ſeems to have been taken from the pronunciation of the other. This, I ſhould truſt, will lead others to further reſearches on this ſubject, who have better means than I have to enſure them ſucceſs; for many books are required, which are not to be met with

with in a diſtant province, remote from the center of information and literature.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

" I mean the Preface to the *Second* volume " of DR. GEDDES's *Tranſlation of* the Bible. " I really would not truſt myſelf to criticiſe " the Tranſlation itſelf, after I had read the " fifth Chapter of Judges, v. 30. where for " the words, " To every man a damſel or " two," Dr. Geddes *tranſlates* by way of a " *ſpirited* and *inviting* improvement, " *A* " *Girl*, A COUPLE OF GIRLS, *to each* brave " *man.*" p. 243. To thoſe who are deſirous of ſeeing the Bible in a good Engliſh dreſs, it muſt be matter of regret, that no ſuch thing has yet appeared; not one attempt of the kind has been conducted with propriety and decorum, all have ſtudied to depart, as far as poſſible, from the old verſion, while they ought to have done exactly the reverſe; for all that is required, is to remove a few indecencies, a few inaccuracies, and a few difficulties, ariſing from the change which has taken place in our language, ſince the time it was tranſlated; it is now become

like an old picture, which needs only to be touched up and revived, without being altered, for there is a ſimplicity in the old language, now ſanctioned by long uſe, which cannot be improved on the whole, though it may be amended in particular paſſages.

DR HUSSEY.

" Hear Dr. Huſſey the titular Biſhop of " Waterford in Ireland in his late paſtoral " Letter. " THE CATHOLIC FAITH (i. e. " the tenets, the doctrines, the ſuperſtitions, " the abſurdities, the follies, the cruelty, and " the tyranny, of the Church of Rome, and " whatever makes it to differ from any other " *external* eſtabliſhment of Chriſtianity) *The* " *Catholic faith* (ſays his *titular* Lordſhip) is " ſuitable to *all* climes, and *all* forms of go- " vernment, monarchies or *republicks*, ariſto- " cracies or DEMOCRACIES." (p. 9.)" p. 262. By great good fortune I was indulged with a ſight of this Paſtoral Letter, and was happy to find it totally different from what it is repreſented by the author of the Purſuits of Literature, as might be eaſily ſuppoſed; for whoever knows any thing relating to the ſtate of Ireland, during the late rebellion, muſt

muſt know, that the ſuperior ranks of the Catholic clergy exerted their utmoſt endeavors to prevent their different flocks from joining the forces of the rebels; and of this fact government are well convinced. Dr Huſſey is one of thoſe liberal and amiable men who do honor to any cauſe or country, and his Paſtoral Letter is written in that ſpirit of mild benevolence which particularly diſtinguiſhes the Catholics of the preſent day from their predeceſſors in more diſtant times. The Biſhop's ideas of a man of true liberality are ſhamefully mangled and mutilated by the illiberal critic; and I am ſorry it is not in my power to give them at length; they are the moſt liberal that could come from a man who has any religious belief of his own, and yet reſpects that of others; his advice to his clergy, on the ſubject of education, is no other than might have been given by a Proteſtant Biſhop on the ſame ſubject, nor different from what Chriſt gave to his Apoſtles, Matt. xviii. ver. 15, 16, 17; no proteſtant could ſee with indifference his children brought up in the faith of popery, and why ſhould not a papiſt be equally zealous? not ſurely becauſe the one is only tolerated, and

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the other eſtabliſhed. Dr Huſſey's advice to the Legiſlature, on the ſubject of Catholic emancipation, is dictated by ſound wiſdom, and a knowledge of the ſtate of the world; pains and penalties now only ſerve to exaſperate. The Biſhop's advice throughout deſerves to be contraſted with the compulſory means which he ſpeaks of being uſed to bring the Catholic military to the churches of the Proteſtants; his character of the Roman Catholic church, as being ſuited to all forms of government, only means, that, like chriſtianity, it interferes with none; it is to be wiſhed it had always been ſo. The alluſion, in the note, to the attention Dr Huſſey has received from the government of Ireland, relates to a miſſion with which he was entruſted abroad, and to his appointment to a preſidency of a papiſt ſeminary in his own country.

FRANCE.

" When I conſider the *future* condition of " Europe under the revolutionary tyranny " of France, in principles, morals, and go- " vernment I muſe upon the awful ſtrain of " the Florentine poet:

" Si

" Si trapaſſammo per ſozza miſtura
" Dell 'ombre e della pioggia, a paſſi lenti,
" Toccando unpoco *la vita futura* !"

Page 251. The above was written at a time when France ſuffered under the ſevereſt tyranny any nation ever experienced, a tyranny which grew up in a ſtate of war, and furniſhed a pretext for its continuance; but now, ſince one great man has changed the face of things, the ſame pretence no longer exiſts: he has ſought for peace when France was humbled, and when ſhe was victorious; and if hereafter he ſhould be ſucceſsful in overturning the machinations of his enemies, let us hear no more of his ambition, his tyranny, or his cruelty. Should the calamities of inteſtine war ever viſit this country, and they ſeem every day to be coming nearer to us, let no negative or active ſupporter of the miniſtry, who ſuffers in his perſon, property, or comfort, wonder or repine at the juſt retribution which falls heavily upon him; for that which he has contributed to inflict on others he juſtly deſerves to feel. To ſuppoſe that a peace can be preſerved, or even ſigned, between the republic of France and the powers with which ſhe is at war, betrays a groſs igno-

ignorance of human nature, which, one ſhould have thought, ten years of dear-bought experience might have corrected. The ſtrength of the French republic, wielded by ſuch a man as Bonaparte, is enough to overturn all that oppoſe him. What he has done, ought to convince us what he can yet do, when his powers are fully exerted.

AUTHORS.

" I would declare alſo to *them*, that I de-
" livered it as A LITERARY MANIFESTO
" *to this kingdom* in a ſeaſon unpropitious to
" learning or to poetry, in a day of darkneſs
" and of thick gloomineſs, and in an hour
" of turbulence, of terror, and of uncer-
" tainty." p. 275. To his poetry or his learning the author of the Purſuits of Literature has no right to ſay, that the ſeaſon is unpropitious, the public have called for them again and again, and pronounced the *decies repetita* of Horace: yet are they deſerving this reiterated applauſe, this accumulation of kindneſs; I have, and I truſt not vainly, attempted to ſhew that they are not, and that the public have been deceived: the author has written in times favorable to all the

the advocates of eſtabliſhed authority;* for however feeble their arguments, or however flimſy their ſtile, they find a ready reception with all thoſe who are prepared to reſiſt innovation in every ſhape, and to embrace with eagerneſs every new ſuccor againſt the progreſs of their fears: ſuch men do not deeply weigh the merits of thoſe who are on their ſide, they are not nice in the praiſe of their defenders; to be with them is ſufficient merit, to be againſt them is ſufficient blame; to this cauſe it is to be attributed, that the author of the Purſuits of Literature has found ſo many admirers, who give him credit for his learning, becauſe they wiſh him to be learned, and praiſe his poetry, becauſe they wiſh to believe him a poet; ſuch are all thoſe whom fear has made his friends; he, therefore, of all men, has the leaſt right to ſay that the times are unpropitious to learning and to poetry: others, indeed, may with

* As a proof of this, I might inſtance many political pamphlets, which have been much read and admired, but one is ſufficient,—the Conſiderations on the State of Public Affairs, ſuppoſed to have been written by a noble Lord, but in truth by a hireling writer of the Treaſury, who ſeems to have inherited the tyrannical ſentiments of his great progenitor.

greater juſtice complain, yet is the age, on the whole, not regardleſs of genius or talents; for if we read Ralph's Caſe of Authors, and Pierius de Infelicitate Literatorum, it will be found, that our times are leſs to be reproached than others with the neglect of learning and talents. A remarkable inſtance of private patronage has lately happened in the protection an amiable poet in humble life has received from the learned, induſtrious, and ſpirited Capel Lofft, who has introduced into the world, with ſplendid decorations, and an ill-written preface, * a poem, which gives the hope and promiſe of ſomething more correctly elegant.

ANCIENT POETRY.

" Two lines from Sir Walter Raleigh's " Sonnet, prefixed to Spenſer's Fairy Queen." p. 284. The difference between antient and modern Engliſh poetry is generally acknowledged, even by thoſe who are ignorant wherein it conſiſts, but to which the ſuperiority on the whole belongs, is not ſo eaſily decided, nor where the diſtinction begins.— As to the firſt point, in my opinion, the difference

* Bloomfield's Seaſons.

ference conſiſts both in the language, and the ſentiments; in the former, without doubt, modern poetry is more poliſhed and refined, yet it has loſt much of the antient ſimplicity, which ſome modern poets have attempted to revive, by the uſe of old words; in this reſpect, it muſt be acknowledged, that the ſuperiority belongs to the moderns, as they ſometimes unite antient ſimplicity with modern elegance; and, on the ſecond point, though many beautiful ideas are to be found in antient poetry, yet they are frequently buried under ſuch a load of quaint, conceited, forced, unnatural, and frigid thoughts, that, in many poets, their beauties hardly reward the length of the ſearch. In fertility of invention, and richneſs of imagination, the moderns are certainly excelled by the antients, yet this luxuriance frequently requires the pruning hook of judgment, which it is ſurpriſing their acquaintance with the claſſics had not ſuggeſted, and for want of which, many of their beauties are loſt in their deformities. It has lately been the faſhion to ſelect theſe beauties, and to publiſh them unincumbered with the traſh that ſurrounds them, and this has, in many inſtances, been done with great

judgment: it is difficult to find any piece of poetry more antient than Milton, which is not disfigured by ſome quaint thoughts or aukward expreſſions; whereas in modern poetry, of the firſt rank, many pieces are to be found unalloyed with a ſingle barbariſm, ſuch as in the poetry of Pope, Parnell, Gray, Dyer, and Akenſide; and even thoſe who do not arrive to the higheſt degree of excellence are free from the faults of the ancients, prolixity, quaintneſs, dryneſs, awkwardneſs, and inſipidity; yet I ſee, with regret, the return of ſome of theſe faults in the tedious, unnatural effuſions of ſome modern poets, who, in their great anxiety to be publiſhing, ranſack their port folios for all they can find, and, like the antients, regard quality leſs than quantity; for the two volumes of the Engliſh Anthology might, without any loſs to the public or the reputation of its authors, be reduced to one: it can hardly be ſuppoſed, that many of our antient poets ever corrected their works, as they contain ſuch evident marks of haſte and negligence. Now with regard to the diſtinction of ancient and modern poets, I think Milton and his cotemporaries are between the two, for they are ſtrictly neither;

neither; his language partakes ſomewhat of the antient, yet is more poliſhed than the times of Mary and Elizabeth; and his ideas are chaſtened with all the purity of claſſical taſte and elegance; what he and his ſucceſſors wanted in refinement, was completed by Pope; after him our poetry may have degenerated, but in this reſpect it cannot improve. In the long ſeries of five hundred years, from the firſt rude attempts at poetry to the preſent times, many and various are the ideas that have been emitted, and much ſpace do they occupy; but were the eſſence, the ſpirit, the finer particles of them refined and ſeparated from the groſſer feculence, the ſubſtance of them might be much reduced. Pope is one of the few among the modern poets who has no need of this chemical proceſs; among the ancients there is not one; herein conſiſts the difference. The verſes of Sir W. Raleigh, which the author has quoted, are to be found among the many quaint congratulations to the author of the Fairy Queen, and have nothing to recommend them but a ſweetneſs of expreſſion which is peculiar to the ancient writers, and which is one of Sir Walter's greateſt claims to the name of poet: his Silent Lover

has

has delicacy and feeling, and his Soul's Errand, though ſomewhat quaint, has truth and force; his other little verſes abound with the faults of the age, low, forced, and unnatural thoughts, and deſerve very little praiſe. The Sonnet is a ſpecies of poetry firſt invented by the Italians, and adopted only by the writers of our own country; the French have no ſuch thing, for as it is employed ſolely on ſerious ſubjects, the natural gaiety of that nation is not ſuited to any thing ſo monotonous and plaintive. Among Engliſh writers the ſonnet had long been diſuſed, till Mr Edwards, the author of the Canons of Criticiſm, publiſhed his, about forty years ago, which are very flat and proſaic; and ſince him, there have been numbers. The length of this poem, every one knows, is limited to fourteen lines, divided into two unequal parts of eight and ſix; in the legitimate ſonnet, the firſt, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines rhime to each other; in the laſt ſix, the rhimes are alternate. A writer, in the New London Review,* has fancifully divided the ſonnet into five different ſorts, the ſimple, the pictureſque, the embelliſhed, the pathetic, and the ſublime; but theſe different characters

* Vol. 2d.

ters are never found ſo diſtinctly in any one ſonnet, as to entitle it ſolely to that name. Upon the ſame principle he might have added another, as ſatire ſometimes prevails, particularly in thoſe of Milton; but the fact is, that theſe different qualities are only to be found mixed and combined in different ſonnets. The original deſign of this poem was to expreſs the feelings of love; but it ſoon departed from its firſt purpoſe, and is now become the vehicle for any ſerious and plaintive feeling. Milton, whoſe cauſtic humor prevailed in moſt of his writings, often uſed it for purpoſes of ſatire. The ſonnet requires a preciſion, both of words and ideas, not very eaſy to be attained by men of lively imaginations; a unity and ſimplicity of thought, not requiſite for any other ſpecies of poetry; and a delicacy of feeling, which few men are ſo happy as to poſſeſs; ſo that, upon the whole, though the ſonnet is apparently an eaſy and trifling ſort of poetry, it requires a union of the rareſt and choiceſt poetical talents; hence it is, that ſo few have excelled in this ſpecies of writing, and that thoſe who have excelled, have either written no other ſort of poetry, or written it in a

ſtile

ſtile very inferior to their ſonnets. The Earl of Surrey was one of our firſt ſonnet writers; Sir W. Raleigh has alſo written one or two; but neither thoſe, nor his other poems, riſe above mediocrity. Spenſer alſo wrote ſome, but, except for the meaſure, they are little ſuperior to proſe; and they are debaſed too by the forced, unnatural thoughts of the times. A collection of theſe, among other poems, paſs under the name of Shakſpeare; but I doubt whether they were written by him. Daniel is the next in rank as to time, but ſuperior in point of beauty to the former. Drayton too has ſonnets, which he calls Ideas, ſome of which are beautiful, yet moſt of them abound with awkward and unnatural conceits. Drummond is among the old poets, the moſt beautiful writer in this ſort of poetry, yet not without the low conceits of his cotemporaries. As Milton is perhaps the beſt writer of ſonnets till modern times, his may demand a more particular criticiſm. Few of them are debaſed by any frigid conceits, and they all poſſeſs that unity of thought which is the firſt requiſite of a ſonnet, yet the lines are ſometimes harſh, and the language coarſe and familiar, though

it

it is generally preciſe, expreſſive, and harmonious. The firſt ends awkwardly with the words 'am I.' The firſt line of the eighth is harſh, familiar, and abrupt—

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms.

The eleventh is wholly ludicrous. The ſame may be ſaid of the 13th line of the 14th ſonnet—

Up they flew ſo dreſt.

In the 23d is a very harſh line—

Purification in the old law did ſave.

Love, ſweetneſs, goodneſs, in her perſon ſhined,—

Is a harmonious line, but not exactly correct, for *ſhined* ſhould be *ſhone*. The ſonnets of our other ancient poets are too numerous to be criticiſed minutely; but I will give ſpecimens of the beſt, among the Additions, as they are not every where to be found, and well deſerve to be reprinted.——To ſpeak in terms of juſt admiration of the rich, boundleſs, varied, brilliant, and inexhauſtible imagination of Spenſer, is hardly poſſible; nothing in our language, nor in any language, in that point, equals him; yet the length of his Fairy Queen, the frequent repetition of language and ideas, and the unavoidable dullneſs of allegory, which even

his imagination cannot every where enliven, render this wonderful poem tedious and fatiguing; but there is a charm in his language and ideas which every man of poetical taſte muſt feel and acknowledge: he has been blamed for his affected uſe of old words, yet theſe have conſiderably added to the beauty of his language, and given it an air of plaintive ſimplicity, which is not to be found in the more poliſhed diction of his ſucceſſors, or even of his imitators in modern times.—— Spenſer is a poet who ſeems to have been leſs converſant with life than any other before or after him; he has created a world of his own, in which human characters are little concerned; of the paſſions in general he ſeems to have had ſome idea, but in quick and accurate conception of their different effects, he is infinitely deficient, which makes his poetry ſo little intereſting to common readers; for whatever ſoars much above common life and manners, cannot long be admired. No man can read Spenſer for a while without being charmed, nor for long, without being fatigued; his invention is copious, but miſapplied; he was led into tedious and crude conceits by the perverſe taſte

taſte of the times; he was for ever ſeeking after forced analogies, and delighted with myſtical numbers and allegorical devices; for he tells Sir W. Raleigh, in his letter of introduction, that he meant to pourtray in prince Arthur, before he was king, the twelve moral private virtues, as Ariſtotle had deviſed; and if he found them well received, to frame the other twelve books on the politic virtues, in his perſon, after he was king; ſo much for the lawleſs invention of an antient Engliſh poet: he goes on and ſays, that in the twelfth book, the Fairy Queen was to keep her feaſt for twelve days, on which twelve ſeveral adventures happened, which being undertaken by twelve ſeveral knights, were in twelve books to be ſeverally handled: for the world's ſake and his own, God be thanked, he lived but to finiſh ſix of theſe quaint devices; yet, though we lament the awkwardneſs of his invention, we muſt admire the richneſs of his imagination, which was able to fill up and adorn with ſuch ſplendid images, the dry and tedious harſhneſs of continued allegory. Whether Spenſer had borrowed any of his ideas, in his allegorical perſonages, from former writers, it is now

not eaſy to determine, yet there is one from whom he might have received a uſeful leſſon in the government of his invention and fancy. The original deſigner of the Mirror for Magiſtrates, Sackville Lord Buckhurſt, was a poet who, in clearneſs of conception, and ſtrength of language, was not excelled by any of his predeceſſors, and his Introduction to the Hiſtory of the Duke of Buckingham has immortaliſed him with all true admirers of poetry. I will not injure his ideas by partial quotation, but, as his poem is now extremely rare, I will give the choiceſt parts of it at the end of this work, among the Additions. The author of this wonderful piece of poetry was a miniſter of ſtate in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but in that department little is known of him, for politics have no alliance with poetry, they are ſeldom ſeen in the company of each other—*non bene conveniunt nec in una ſede morantur*, Juv.—He was the author alſo of a tragedy called Gorboduc, the firſt dramatic piece, ſays H. Walpole, of any conſideration in our language; as I have never ſeen it, I will not venture to pronounce. Certainly it is ſomewhat remarkable, that two of our

firſt antient poets had each an immediate predeceſſor, from whom, if they did not, they might have borrowed many ideas: Chaucer was immediately preceded by the author of Pierce Plowman's Viſion, who, in ſtrength of conception and coloring, was not his inferior, and Spenſer, as I have already remarked, immediately ſucceeded Buckhurſt, to whom he was not equal in judgment and correctneſs, for the pictures of the former are never over-charged nor crowded. It is ſomewhat ſingular, that in a work, entitled the Lives of the Engliſh Poets, that of Spenſer is not to be found; and ſtill more ſo, that in another book, profeſſing to treat of Belles Lettres or Polite Literature, under the department of poetry, the name of this celebrated poet is not even named, except for his verſification; now this can only be accounted for by ſuppoſing that the author has copied his remarks from thoſe who had never mentioned him, and being unacquainted with him, as well as with all our other antient poets, he could give no opinion of his own; but this is an inſtance of unpardonable ignorance in a man who

who undertakes to direct the public taſte and ſtudies.

JACOB BRYANT.

" Jacob Bryant, Eſq. Author of the Ana-
" lyſis of Ancient Mythology, &c. &c &c.
" See his character in the Second Dialogue
" of the P. of L. to which I refer." p. 292. Hardly is it poſſible to produce an inſtance of deep and extenſive learning worſe applied than that of Mr Bryant: it has been waſted in defending paradoxes, which were no ſooner raiſed than overturned, and are not in themſelves amuſing, nor ſupported by the powers of fancy, by vigor of ſtile, nor ſtrength of argument; no man has more learning nor leſs judgment, nor done more harm to the cauſe he wiſhes to defend: like the elephants mentioned by Livy, he overturns the ranks of his friends inſtead of his enemies. His remarks on the divine miſſion of Moſes, in his account of the plagues of Egypt, from p. 211 to 227, afford a ſtriking illuſtration to all that Mr Volney has ſaid on the origin of religion in the antient world. His doubts on the exiſtence of Troy go to ſhake the credibility of all hiſtorical and traditional

ditional evidence, and his Remarks on Chriſtianity is the drieſt book on the ſubject, by many degrees: his virtues and his age are venerable, but after his death, his works will not long be remembered.

GOTHIC ROMANCE.

" I mean by theſe and ſeveral following " lines to obſerve, that the *Pagan* Fable is " now exhauſted, and the ſpecious miracles " of *Gothic* Romance have never of late " years produced a poet. Perhaps the latter " were more adapted to true poetry than the " pagan inventions." p. 294. All mythology is adapted to poetry, becauſe all mythology is fiction; yet though that of paganiſm may be exhauſted, it does not follow that the miracles of Gothic Romance are calculated to produce more ſublime effuſions of the Muſe; that depends on the genius of the poet, not on the nature of his materials, for theſe he can mould to his purpoſe. The tales of Gothic enchantment, their caſtles, dwarfs, and giants, may be amuſing to children, as being marvellous and incredible, but they cannot arreſt the attention of men, like the hiſtories of Jupiter, Mars, or Venus, to whom

whom are attributed human actions and human paſſions, and who are objects of worſhip rather than of terror. The gods of the Goths, like their worſhippers, are fierce and cruel; their heaven is the ſeat of ſavage enjoyment; and their hell is chilled by perpetual froſt: ſuch are the effects produced on the imagination by the difference of climate. The diſtinction between Celtic and Gothic ſuperſtition has never been ſufficiently attended to; from the Celts we have derived the tales of the Bards and Druids, which form the ſubject of Welch poetry, and the ſublime lyric poem of Gray, the fineſt our language has produced; from the Goths we derive the tales of Odin, and the fictions of the Edda, the witches and enchantments of the middle ages, and, in later times, the romantic ideas of chivalry. The Celtic ſuperſtitions remain now in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland alone, for in theſe nations only are to be found any remains of the Celts; Mr Pinkerton has placed this ſubject in its true light. The ſpecious miracles of Gothic Romance have produced ſome poets, but thoſe of no great eminence. Jerningham is, as uſual, flat and inſipid; Hole is ſometimes vigo-

vigorous, but too frequently digreſſive; Sayers has many brilliant paſſages of genuine and ſublime poetry, but he is ſometimes tedious.

PUBLIC SEMINARIES.

" ETON SCHOOL, like many other great " and uſeful publick Schools, ſtands in need " of many *new* and *ſtrong* regulations, which " the intereſts of this kingdom, in common " with the demands of the time, call for with " a voice not to be diſregarded by the maſ- " ters and governors." p. 305. The whole note, which is too long to be inſerted, relates to the reform of many groſs corruptions in the conduct of our great ſeminaries, and of Eton in particular, which is perhaps more extenſively corrupted than any other: to almoſt all that our author has ſaid on this ſubject, I give my hearty conſent; but I will tell him, that while education is conſidered as a trade, and till other great reforms are compleated, that ſchool will never be otherwiſe than it is at preſent, for there is a maſs and accumulation of intereſt extending through every department of the inſtitution, which can never be diſſolved or counteracted till the

whole is new modelled; and it will then become the legiſlature to conſider, whether the great ends of education, viz. public and individual improvement, are beſt anſwered in large ſeminaries, or under the eye of parental vigilance. Education is not merely the acquiſition of learning, but the formation of the heart and temper; and were parents qualified and diſpoſed to attend to thoſe minutiæ, which, from their earlieſt infancy, affect the future diſpoſitions of their children, much of the corruption and depravity of the world might be prevented: if then the fault is in the parents, as our author juſtly remarks, how is that fault to be amended? "*A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit,*" Matt. vii. 18. A ſtate, corrupted by luxury and riches, cannot bring forth men of pure morals and integrity; it is fooliſh to expect impoſſibilities. Rome afforded but a few ſolitary inſtances of virtue after ſhe had engroſſed the riches of the world. Though many objections have been urged againſt the preſent mode of claſſical education, yet I by no means agree to them all; for I ſhould no more conſent to read the claſſics in tranſlations than to drink

drink a mineral water a hundred miles from the Spa; the ſpirit of both muſt evaporate: but though I allow that the preſent mode of teaching Greek and Latin is faulty, and that much of the time conſumed on it is waſted, yet it by no means follows that the cuſtom ſhould be omitted entirely. The firſt fault is, that it is begun too early; for why torment a boy of ten years old with rules of grammar which he cannot comprehend? why oblige him ſo early to get any thing by rote, or repeat words to which he can affix no ideas? the memory ought to be exerciſed, but only in proportion as the judgment ripens: let parents and teachers then watch the progreſs of a boy's opening apprehenſion, and adapt their inſtructions to his ſlow and gradual improvement, and when he is arrived at an age to comprehend the meaning and force of words, let him uſe a dictionary, and a plain, ſimple grammar, to ſhew him only the inflexions of the different verbs; thus he will arrive, by ſlow and eaſy degrees, to comprehend the force of an author, and if he does not attend to all the niceties of a language no longer in uſe, he will only be defective in what hundreds,

with much ſearch and ſtudy, have never arrived at: to comprehend the force and ſpirit of the antient authors is all that is requiſite for a knowledge of men and things; to enter into the minutiæ of dead languages, is at beſt but a fruitleſs ſearch after words. The paſſions are the great diſturbers of the world, yet their influence on human actions is ſo mixed and blended with that of the judgment, that it is hardly poſſible to ſeparate them entirely; nor is it eaſy for men, at all times, to perceive when they are actuated by the one, and when by the other; to do this diſtinctly is the principal part of wiſdom, and when this knowledge is acquired, the world may be at peace, perhaps it will never be ſo entirely: education and government are the only means of controling their operation; the latter may reſtrain them from fear; the former, when rightly conducted, ſubmits them to the reſtraint of principle, and leſſens their pernicious effects, by the cultivation of the heart and faculties. To obtain theſe two great objects, in any great degree, is perhaps impoſſible in the preſent ſtate of ſociety, particularly in the two extremes of riches and poverty. The poor have

have no education, the rich have hardly any; whoever will examine attentively theſe two different ranks, will find, that this is not haſtily aſſerted. The former, if by chance they are ſent to ſchool, can there only be taught to read and write, but if they are corrected, either there or at home, it can only be as the paſſions of their parents or teachers ſuggeſt, without any idea of their amendment; a haſty blow, or harſh word, are the common correctives for all diſpoſitions, and for all faults. No pains are taken, nor can be taken, to check the riſing propenſities to evil, nor promote a diſpoſition to virtue; indulgence, or correction, equally violent, are all they experience, and of all extremes theſe are the moſt dangerous; the firſt makes them tyrants, the ſecond ſlaves: to be honeſt from principle, they are never taught, for fear is a more powerful motive, and better ſuited to the ſtrength of their temptations; and if this reſtrains them from the commiſſion of enormous crimes, it is all that can be expected: a poor man thinks it little ſin to ſteal from a rich one, when he can do it with ſecrecy, and this we need not wonder at in a world in which they have ſo few com-

comforts. We will now turn to the other extreme, and ſee whether the education of the rich any better promotes the two objects above-mentioned. Surrounded on every ſide by the pleaſures, the purſuits, and the temptations which riches afford, they have no leiſure to attend to their children, who are therefore committed entirely, in their infancy, to hirelings: the extremes of ſeverity and indulgence, which lead to tyranny and vice, they are equally ſubject to, from the unreſtrained paſſions of their parents; the former deſtroys the ſpirit, and quenches every ſpark of generoſity, for he who has once been a ſlave, will be a tyrant when he can; and he who has early been accuſtomed to exceſſive indulgence, is unprepared for diſappointments and difficulties, ſo that by each extreme the heart is debaſed and corrupted, and a rich man, who is hardened either by ignorance or deſign againſt the miſeries of his fellow creatures, is a peſt to ſociety, for ſuch a man is bound not only to relieve the preſſing neceſſities of the poor by the precarious ſupply of occaſional alms, but by a conſtant attention to their moral as well as their temporal wants, to improve their condition

dition in civiliſed ſociety, and render them ſatisfied with their ſtation by the comforts they enjoy; but can we expect all this from men who have been taught to conſider the poor as a different race of beings from themſelves, born and ſupported ſolely for their uſe and luxury? Impoſſible! till the rich are early taught to reſtrain their paſſions,—till they ceaſe to conſider all that is given to the poor as taken from their own enjoyment,—till they are early inſtructed in principles of juſtice, truth, and benevolence, it is needleſs to expect any great improvement in the ſtate of ſociety; "*men do not gather grapes of thorns*, "*nor figs of thiſtles;*" the means and the end muſt be proportioned: but though I have ſpoken thus ſeverely of the two extremes of ſociety, yet I by no means deny that there are bright exceptions in both; but theſe being no more than accidental inſtances of good diſpoſitions and great talents, riſing ſuperior to ſuch powerful diſadvantages, form no argument againſt the principles I have advanced: now, as this ſubject is of conſiderable importance, I will extend my reſearches a little further, and offer ſome remarks on the inſtruction of children at an earlier period,

riod. Whether there is any natural difference in the faculties and diſpoſitions of children, is a point no longer diſputed, for there can be none. Mr Locke has proved, that there are no ſuch things as innate ideas, as all our ideas are acquired only from external objects; therefore the minds and tempers of children can only be influenced by thoſe things which ſurround them; but as this muſt be in a manner almoſt imperceptible in early years, particularly when it is little attended to, we are apt to ſuppoſe that theſe effects are produced not by external cauſes, but by certain natural diſpoſitions which children bring into the world with them; how far a particular formation of body may influence the diſpoſition of the mind, and diſpoſe them to be differently affected by external objects, ſo as to produce a particular ſpecies of talent or of temper, it is almoſt impoſſible to determine; but certain it is, that there can be no previous diſpoſition of the mind before the birth of a child: the minds of children, after their birth, grow with their bodies; they muſt therefore, in ſome meaſure, be influenced by the texture of the body, but how or in what degree, can never perhaps be determined;

for

for though two children ſhould be placed in ſituations as nearly ſimilar as poſſible, yet there will be a difference in theſe children's diſpoſitions and talents; this, therefore, muſt depend on ſome particular formation of the body and nerves: now over this we have no control, but over thoſe external events and accidents which influence the diſpoſitions of children we certainly have ſome power; and it is the duty of every parent to attend minutely to the manner in which they operate on the temper and mental faculties of his child, for by theſe their future character in life is frequently determined, and ſo ſtrong is the effect of theſe, that even men, after their temper and talents ſeem to be completely formed, may be altered for the better or the worſe, according to particular events which may happen to them at different periods. Among the many things which contribute to affect the characters of children, the moſt minute ſhould be attended to; the influence of external objects, in their early years, may have produced ſuch a difference in their diſpoſitions, as to require an entirely different treatment; pain and ſickneſs, for inſtance, may have effects which are not im-

mediately perceived: before children have arrived at an age to diſtinguiſh between right and wrong, and to be talked to with any effect, it is difficult to know how to correct them, whether by gentle or ſevere means; it is certain they will underſtand and remember the effect of a whipping better than all that can be ſaid to them, yet this is a dangerous remedy, becauſe it may have ſuch an influence on their tempers as to be required even after their judgment is come to greater maturity, and thus implant in them habits of fear or obſtinacy: when parents are anxious to attend to every thing which concerns their children, they will be able to judge according to what they ſee and feel to be right; few methods, either of mildneſs or ſeverity, can apply ſtrictly to all caſes: it is only by a minute attention to minute differences, that the conduct of parents to their children can be regulated; but though in the management of children there are many things which muſt be left to the direction of parents, to act according as they think right, yet there are ſome general principles which are equally applicable to all. The firſt thing to which a child ſhould be habituated, is to

ſpeak

ſpeak truth, but then parents ſhould do the ſame; without this, the other is of no uſe, for when they find it out, they will deſpiſe you, and become liars themſelves: there are many apparently innocent deceptions to which people accuſtom themſelves towards their children, yet all theſe have their effect imperceptibly; for inſtance, if a child falls, and is hurt, the parent to ſoothe him, tells him he has hurt the floor, which naturally teaches the child to be unfeeling, by making him think his own pain can be leſſened by the pains of another. Some people not leſs fooliſhly tell the child to beat the floor for hurting him: "a naughty floor to hurt my "poor boy," is generally the exclamation of a fooliſh parent: tell the child at once to be patient, and endeavor to amuſe his attention by ſomething elſe, and you will by degrees enable him to bear bodily pain with firmneſs and fortitude: never in any inſtance deceive a child, for in time you may expect that he will deceive you; teach him to know things as they are, and he will always act on principles of truth and ſimplicity, for a child early accuſtomed to be deceived, naturally acquires habits of deceit and fraud. I have heard it

conſidered as an excellent maxim, never to give up to a child what you have once refuſed; but I think this ought not to be done in all inſtances, becauſe it tends to diſpirit a child, and to make him believe, that in life, what he cannot obtain eaſily muſt be given up, than which nothing can be more pernicious; we ought rather to teach him to believe that any thing may be obtained by perſeverance. Teach them early to make diſtinctions, and avoid extremes. Let children early be accuſtomed to do all they can for themſelves, conſtant attendance depraves their minds and weakens their bodies; let them ſeldom have any thing they cry for, by this means they will be habituated to diſappointment; yet too frequent and needleſs ſeverity ſours their tempers, and engenders hatred and diſlike, rather than filial piety. Never bribe them by any thing but praiſe, all other rewards tend to make them mercenary and groſsly corrupt; no motive of action is ſo pure as the love of applauſe, all others degrade and enſlave. Let them never be taught to deſpiſe any other children becauſe they are poorer than themſelves, but to pity them becauſe they have not had equal advantages.

tages. Till they can comprehend the nature and difference of things, let them ſubmit from the feelings of ſuperiority; after that, teach them the true grounds of ſubmiſſion, which is, that ſuch and ſuch things are not proper to be had, becauſe they belong to another, or are too expenſive, &c. Never threaten a child with what you never intend to do, for by that means they will in time deſpiſe your threats, and have no fixed rule of conduct; when they are ſure the puniſhment will follow the offence, they will be cautious how they offend. To children who are turned two or three years, I ſhould by no means adviſe any corporal puniſhment to be uſed, if it can poſſibly be avoided, for it ſerves only to render them hardened, or ſervile, or timorous; any puniſhment which applies to the mental feelings is much better ſuited to promote virtuous and moral diſpoſitions, the other is ſuited only to the moſt abject ſlaves. Let children early be taught to reſpect the diſtinction between *meum* and *tuum*, what is their own, and what belongs to others; the want of attending to this occaſions moſt of the miſeries of the world: never let them cry for what does not belong to them,

them, nor endeavor to take it from others. Teach them early to be generous, and part eaſily with any thing they have, and always take what you deſire them to give, for without this it becomes in time a mere form, and when it is taken they are vexed and diſappointed. Let great pains be taken to ſtrengthen and exerciſe their bodies, as well as their minds, for by ſo doing you afford them conſtant ſources of amuſement, and let all their ſports have a reference to ſomething uſeful, for the more they are amuſed innocently, the more they will be preſerved from vicious indulgences. Never be ſevere with children about trifles, it renders them unhappy, and conſequently fretful and peeviſh, a few foibles and a few faults may be paſſed over without much danger: "be not ex-" treme to mark what is done amiſs," may ſerve as an admonition as well as a prayer; a lenient indulgence to the foibles of young people is often the trueſt wiſdom; the youth that might have been reclaimed by lenity and forgiveneſs, may be loſt by ſeverity, and from levity may with haſty ſtrides, ſink into hopeleſs depravity. The ideas of men are all acquired,—much therefore

fore depends on what they are taught; the ſavage is the emblem of the child, he has no means of inſtruction, and remains a child all his life, with no other ideas than the firſt objects which ſtrike his ſight can convey: man is entirely a creature of art, for a child left alone in a deſart will, when he is arrived at the age of eight or ten years, be found dirty, indolent, cruel, ignorant, jealous, paſſionate, and revengeful; he will not have the ſpeech of man, and it is doubtful whether he will always walk upright: we ſhould view man in all his gradations, from this ſtate to his preſent point of refinement, to be ſatisfied how much he is indebted to inſtruction and ſociety: from all this it is evident how much depends on what children are early taught; it is therefore of the utmoſt conſequence that they are taught what is right.

UNION WITH IRELAND.

"I write in Great Britain, and direct "my thoughts for this kingdom, wiſhing "for *peace*, *tranquillity*, *and union* between the "two Iſlands. (July 1797.)" p. 323. The author's wiſh is completed, and the two nations, after many a reluctant ſtruggle on the part

part of Ireland, are at length united: whether the fruits of this unequal union will be as was pretended and expected, tranquillity and proſperity, time, which is the mother of truth, alone can determine; miniſters, on this occaſion, ſeem to have adopted the maxim of the old lady, in her advice to her daughter—"Marry firſt, and love will come "after;" it is a dangerous experiment, but frequently tried. A little like moſt faſhionable matches, this late Iriſh wedding has been brought about, more from intereſt than from any cordial love on either ſide; and in ſuch caſes, happineſs is neither expected nor deſerved: the pretended friends and relations of the parties ſeem to be the only people concerned, and if they gratify themſelves, it appears to be all that was intended. To ſpeak ſeriouſly of this boaſted union, I will hazard an opinion which ſeems to be ſomewhat hardy, yet, as I believe, fully juſtified by the ſtate of things. Anxious only for the peace and happineſs of mankind, and totally indifferent about forms of government, I have ever viewed the union with Ireland only as the means of promoting the proſperity of the two countries, of healing all religious and

political

political differences, and providing for the permanent intereſt of both parties; ſhould it produce theſe effects, I will never regret the means that have been uſed for its attainment, and forgetting all that is paſt, rejoice in the preſent, and look for increaſing happineſs: but I will honeſtly confeſs, that I expect no ſuch conſequences; on the contrary, when Ireland has gained a little ſtrength, which ſhe may after a few years of tranquillity, I fully expect to ſee the union end in final ſeparation and enmity, if the two countries are not earlier torn aſunder by ſome ruder and more ſudden accident.

THE ALBIGENSES.

" The Albigenſes were a ſect of the Wal-
" denſes, who had their riſe in the twelfth
" century." p. 323. The author's ſhort note, ſhews that he is not much acquainted either with the hiſtory or the principles of theſe unfortunate reformers. The moſt exact and authentic account of them is to be found in a ſet of Tracts, publiſhed in 1612, by Gretzer, a German Jeſuit. Among theſe, the moſt remarkable is that of Rinieri, or as it is latiniſed, Reinerus, an Italian Inquiſitor,

but at one time a member of the ſect of the Waldenſes; and as all apoſtates think it requiſite to convince their new friends of their ſincerity by their violence, he ſeems to have been inflamed with a laudable zeal againſt his former companions, and to have recommended and enforced various methods to get rid of them by fire, and ſword, and torture. Another incentive to this pious apoſtate was the hope of an Archbiſhopric, but his ambitious deſigns were ſuddenly deſtroyed by Uberto Pallavicino, who condemned him to baniſhment, in which ſtate he died a miſerable example of diſappointed ambition, and a warning to all traitors. The following are among the crimes of the Waldenſes, as related by their Perſecutor, Rinieri—" They " denied the church of Rome to be the " church of Chriſt, which they ſaid, it ceaſed " to be under Pope Sylveſter, for then it firſt " began to acquire temporal property; they " called the Pope Antichriſt, and his biſhops " murderers, on account of their wars and " perſecutions; they refuſed to pay tithes, " and eſteemed it ſinful to endow churches " and monaſteries; they condemned the " clergy for their idle lives, and diſregarded

" all

" all the privileges and ceremonies of the " church; they denied its ſacraments, and " derided its feſtivals, eſteeming all days " alike; baptiſm of infants they held to be " of no avail, and denied the right of a prieſt " to confer the euchariſt, ſaying that they " communicate daily, while they remember " Chriſt in their lives; they denied the ne- " ceſſity of prieſts, ſaying, that every good " layman is a prieſt inaſmuch as the apoſtles " were laymen, and that every man and " woman may preach; they condemned the " uſe of the Latin tongue in the ſervice of " the church; they knew moſt of the old " teſtament by heart; they believed in no " ſaints but the apoſtles, and prayed to none " but God; they had no litany, believed no " legends of the ſaints, and laughed at all " their miracles; they affirmed, that male- " factors ought not to be puniſhed with " death, and ſaid, that all eccleſiaſtical judg- " ments were intended, not for correction, " but to gratify avarice." Here follow the marks by which theſe heretics were to be found out, from whence it may be ſeen how far removed from primitive chriſtianity they muſt have been, who could conſider ſuch

ſimplicity of faith and manners as unworthy of a chriſtian community. " Firſt," ſays Rinieri, " they may be perceived by their " manners and their words; they ſhew no " pride in dreſs, for their cloaths are neither " coſtly nor ornamented; the affairs of the " world they avoid, for fear of lies, and " oaths, and frauds; their teachers are cob- " lers and weavers; they do not multiply " riches, and are content with little wealth; " they are chaſte and temperate, and ſeldom " pray; they go to church under pretence " of religion, but in truth only to entrap the " preacher in his words; they avoid ſcurri- " lity, and levity of ſpeech, and lying, and " ſwearing; they inſinuate themſelves into " the acquaintance of the rich and noble by " the following means—they expoſe to ſale " ſuch things as are likely to tempt them to " buy, for inſtance, rings and laces, and when " they have ſold theſe, ſhould their cuſtom- " ers aſk them if they have any thing elſe to " ſell, they anſwer that they have more pre- " cious goods than theſe, if they will promiſe " not to betray them to the prieſts; ſecurity " being pledged, they then ſay, ' I have to " ſhew you a bright gem, the gift of God,

" by

" by which a man may become acquainted
" with his Maker;' the pedlar then recites
" to them ſuch texts as theſe—" *The ſcribes*
" *ſit in Moſes's ſeat*,"—" *Wo unto them that take*
" *the key of knowledge*," &c.—and being aſked
" to whom they apply theſe, they ſay, " To
" the Romiſh clergy:" they then enter into
" a compariſon between themſelves and
" the prieſts.—" The teachers of the church
" of Rome," ſay they, " are pompous in
" their dreſs and manners, they love the
" chief ſeats in ſynagogues, and to be called
" Rabbi, Rabbi, but we require no ſuch
" titles; they are unchaſte, but each of us
" has his own wife, and lives contented with
" her; they are rich and covetous, and to
" them it is ſaid, " *Wo unto you rich*," we hav-
" ing food and raiment, are therewith con-
" tent; they are voluptuous, and unto them
" it is ſaid, " *Wo unto you which devour widows'*
" *houſes*," we live as we can; they wage war,
" and plunder the poor, and to them it is
" ſaid, " *He that taketh up the ſword muſt periſh*
" *by the ſword*," we endure perſecution from
" them for righteouſneſs' ſake; they eat idle
" bread, we work with our own hands;
" they deſire to be the only teachers, with us

" both

" both men and women teach; they have " more regard for the traditions of men than " the commands of God, as to faſts and " feaſts, and many other things, which are " mere human inſtitutions; they load their " penitents with puniſhments, we, after the " example of Chriſt, ſay, " *Go thy way, and* " *ſin no more*;" we remit all ſins, and ſend " the ſoul to heaven, they ſend all ſouls to " hell." " Thus," ſays Rinieri, " is the faith " corrupted, and deſtroyed." This pious perſecutor of the Waldenſes, after thus bearing teſtimony to the purity of their doctrines, acknowledges their extenſive propagation. " There is no land," ſays he, " which has " been free from them at ſome time or " other." Having ſaid thus much, he proceeds to enumerate ſix cauſes of their hereſy; but he ſeems ſometimes to confound cauſes with effects. " The firſt," ſays he, " is vain- " glory; ſecondly, their zeal in making con- " verts, for both men and women teach, by " day and by night, and ſo rapid is the pro- " ficiency of their converts, that the novice " of three days begins to teach others. To " thoſe who excuſe themſelves, by ſaying " they cannot learn, they ſay, ' learn but a

" word

" word a day, and you will know three hun-
" dred and ſixty-five in the year.' What I
" am going to affirm, is true. A certain he-
" retic, deſirous to pervert his neighbour
" from the faith, ſwam to him by night
" acroſs the Ibis, in the depth of winter: the
" third cauſe of hereſy, is their having tranſ-
" lated the New Teſtament into the vulgar
" tongue, and teaching it the people, which
" they do with all poſſible ſecrecy, for fear of
" the prieſts: the fourth is the diſſolute lives
" of ſome of the clergy: the fifth is the inſuf-
" ficiency of the doctrines of many of our
" preachers: the ſixth, the irreverence with
" which ſome of our miniſters treat the ſa-
" craments of our church: and the ſeventh"
(here he forgets that he promiſed to mention
only ſix) " is their hatred of the clergy;
" for," ſays he, " I have heard many of theſe
" heretics ſay, that they wiſh to reduce the
" clergy to the ſtate of hedgers and ditchers,
" by taking away their tythes and church
" property." To root out ſuch dangerous
heretics, no mode of perſecution and terror
was omitted by Emperors, Popes, and Bi-
ſhops; it is of no uſe to enumerate them, as
they may be eaſily conceived. At what time

this

this hereſy firſt aroſe, it is now difficult to determine, yet whether they owe their origin to Peter Waldo, a citizen of Lyons, or they are to be looked for many years earlier in the vallies of Italy, is now a matter of little conſequence; but the reformers of later times are proud to claim a kindred to them, and aſſert, that they exiſted ſoon after the times of the Apoſtles. Though nearly exterminated by Frederick the 2d of Germany, they ſtill, like the phœnix, roſe from their aſhes, and flouriſhed in various places, for their zeal in making converts was equal to their fortitude in ſuffering; after a dreadful perſecution in France, under the name of Albigenſes, they ſuffered again in the vallies of Italy, in the time of Oliver Cromwell; he ſent Sir Samuel Moreland with a conſiderable ſum of money to their relief, who publiſhed an account of his miſſion in his hiſtory of the evangelical churches in Italy; he was *a good mechanic, having invented many uſeful machines, but a bad politician, and a worſe writer.

EPIC

* See Grainger's Hiſtory of England.

EPIC POETRY.

" He gave the publick a long quarto " volume of epick verſes, JOAN OF ARC, " written, as he ſays in the preface, in " *ſix weeks.*" p. 353. There are three epic poems in the world, and there will never be another. Homer, Virgil, and Milton, need fear no future rivals. All the receipts of the critics have never yet produced an epic poet; they may enable others to judge of their merits; they may direct the efforts of genius, but they can never ſupply the want of it; for poetry is the gift of nature, rules are the reſult of art. The great fault of modern epic poetry, is the frequent appearance of the poet, particularly in drawing characters. Homer never draws a character; Voltaire never introduces a hero without giving his own opinion of him; ſo that he no longer writes a poem but a hiſtory. A painter, who, at the bottom of his picture, ſhould write the character or paſſion he meant to expreſs, muſt be thought ridiculous; and a poet is no leſs ſo, who does not leave the characters of his heroes to be drawn by the reader. An epic poet ought to repreſent the man,

not to deſcribe him; and if his language and animation are not ſufficient to ſet his characters before us, it is in vain he attempts to labor them, the illuſion is deſtroyed; and, inſtead of a poet, he becomes only an hiſtorian. This diſtinction will be found to apply conſtantly.

HORNE TOOKE.

" Mr. HORNE TOOKE, in the concluſion " of his " Diverſions of Purley," makes an " apology for applying himſelf to ſubjects ſo " trivial as grammatical diſcuſſions, in the " year 1786. He uſes the words of an " Italian poet, which are very remarkable, " though they never have been much no- " ticed." p. 353. To the extenſive learning, acuteneſs, ingenuity, humor, fortitude, and integrity of Mr Horne Tooke, it is not in my power to do juſtice, yet as a tribute of gratitude for his unrivalled exertions in the public ſervice, I will attempt to redeem his character from the odium which it has ſuffered even with well-intentioned men, through the intereſted miſrepreſentations of the hirelings of power, and the ſlaviſh advocates of eſtabliſhed authority; from ſuch inveterate

inveterate enemies a good man is ſeldom ſafe in his life time,—poſterity only can do him juſtice. In anſwer to all thoſe who have branded him with the appellations of turbulent, ſeditious, peſtilent, troubleſome, and contentious, I will only anſwer, that his whole life is unſtained by a ſingle act of baſeneſs, yet a man who is determined to be the unceaſing enemy of corruption, muſt lead a turbulent and a troubleſome life; but that Mr Tooke has not been actuated by the mere love of contention is evident from his having been the friend of miniſtry while a hope remained of their being the friends of reform; for the truth of this, I refer to his famous *Two Pair of Portraits.* That he has been equally the enemy of miniſters and oppoſition is a proof of his own ſincerity, becauſe he has nothing to hope from either, and no diſgrace to a man who ſees that the objects of both are the ſame, though accident has placed them differently. That he is not ſincere and in earneſt can hardly be objected to a man who has ſuffered, more than once, a rigorous impriſonment, and been once tried for his life. That his objects are undefined, boundleſs, and vague, is unjuſtly alledged

againſt a man who has publiſhed a ſpecific plan of reform, from which he has never been known at any time to deviate. That he has ever ſought the wages of corruption, though it has been aſſerted, has never been proved. That he has been the means of overturning certain political ſocieties to which he has belonged, is falſe, if aſſerted generally; and where it is true, he has deſerved praiſe rather than blame, for when the ſociety of the Bill of Rights ſo far forget the ends of its inſtitution as to make the payment of a certain great patriot's debts the firſt object of its regard, it was time that the public ſhould be undeceived; and it is to the credit of Mr Tooke's talents, as well as his integrity, that he was both able and willing to bring ſuch a ſociety to an untimely death. That he was the means of introducing diſunion into another ſociety*, was likewiſe to his credit; he put the temper of ſome of its members to the teſt, and ſhewed that they were not actuated by any deſire of promoting the public good, but merely meant to diſtreſs the miniſters; ſuch men he has at all times delighted to expoſe, for his penetration pierces through every

* The Friends of the People.

every diſguiſe, and ſuch is their weakneſs, that they have given him frequent opportunities: Junius is not the only falſe patriot who ſuffered from his ſearching ſeverity. That he has laughed in ſecret, and even openly, at the over-heated zeal of ſome reformers, is not to be wondered at in a man who has a talent for humor; but that he has ever ſeriouſly acted a double part, by pretending to be intereſted for what he has no regard, is a ſuppoſition which ſhews little knowledge of him, or of human nature; he has given too many proofs of his ſincerity to have it raſhly doubted: to ſome people this defence may ſeem needleſs, but I have heard all that I have anſwered, and more, ſaid againſt him, in various companies, and by ſome people who wiſhed to think well of him, by others who never think at all, and by more who are determined to think ill of him; ſuch is the power of detraction, ſo unwilling are the generality of men to reſiſt eſtabliſhed corruptions, and ſo inured to deceit that they can with difficulty believe any man honeſt: after this general anſwer to all his defamers, it is needleſs to ſay any thing

thing particularly to repel our author's wicked aſperity.

REFORM.

" The ſtate of Europe has PROVED the " intentions of France from the firſt mo- " ment of her Revolution; and every " hiſtorical document daily confirms the " proof." p. 359. The enemies of reform have but one argument left, (and they do well to bring it forward whenever the queſtion is publicly agitated) viz. the French Revolution. But this argument, like that of all men who are driven to difficulties, is derived from the perverſion of a principle, not ſimply from the exerciſe of it; and, as they uſe it, might apply againſt a reform in Turkey as well as in Great-Britain. The fallacy of the argument conſiſts in not ſtating the difference between a reform proceeding from a government, and one forced upon it; as for inſtance, in the difference between the Engliſh Revolution in 1688, and the ſubſequent century. Reform neglected leads to revolution and anarchy: yet, after all that can be ſaid, there is, without doubt, a certain fatality incident to nations as well as individuals,

dividuals, which leads them to their ruin againſt all wiſdom and argument.

ELOQUENCE.

" But *ſuch as it is*, eloquence in the politi-
" cal world is like charity in the Chriſtian
" character; without it a man is counted
" dead." p. 363. Among all the talents with which man, either by nature or by art is furniſhed, there ſeems none to me more queſtionable in its effects than eloquence, yet ſome men deny that it ever produced any good effect to the public in thoſe times in which it is allowed moſt to have flouriſhed: the eloquence of Demoſthenes was ineffectual to ſave his country from ruin, and though Cicero inflamed the ſenate againſt the crimes of Catiline, he could not reſtrain the violence of Antony. Juvenal has recorded the vanity of eloquence,* and remarked, that it cauſed the death of its two greateſt ornaments. Demoſthenes has left us nothing but his orations: if thoſe of Cicero were loſt, we might ſtill conſider him as one of the greateſt men of his time; his moral

* Eloquio ſed uterque perit orator.
Sat. x. 114.

moral and critical works will for ever enlighten and improve mankind, but his orations might ceaſe to be read without much danger. Eloquence is a talent which may be turned to any purpoſe, it may paint the bleſſings of liberty in the moſt glowing and attractive colors, but it may alſo diſguiſe the horrors of ſlavery, and reconcile men, by its impreſſive power, to the worſt evils of injuſtice and tyranny. Eloquence is oftener needed to perplex the truth than to enforce it, for truth will always ſhine by its own intrinſic luſtre, while error requires the borrowed light of eloquence to ſhine at all; truth can never ultimately be concealed, nor error long prevail without the aid of foreign ornament: eloquence has done more to miſlead mankind than to enlighten them, for it has not often fallen to the lot of thoſe who have conferred the greateſt ſervices on their country. The baſe flatterers of Philip exhauſted their ſeducing eloquence to lull their country into a fatal repoſe during the machinations of the tyrant, and even the oratory of Iſocrates was miſapplied to the ſame iniquitous purpoſe. The talents for ſpeaking and acting ſeem ſo totally diſtinct, that they are

ſeldom

ſeldom found united in the ſame man: the greateſt ſtateſmen in our own country have been no orators; and it may ſafely be added, that the greateſt orators, with one ſingle exception, have been no ſtateſmen. Though a fine ſpeech is unfortunately conſidered in our times as the ſummit of human wiſdom, yet all the eloquence of Mr Fox has never added a ſingle vote to his party, nor all the talents of his antagoniſt produced one meaſure of wiſdom, foreſight, or ſound policy; ſo little has eloquence to do with the proſperity or happineſs of a country. Eloquence is generally addreſſed to the paſſions, while the calmer reſearches of philoſophy apply only to the judgment; the orator glories in hurrying men along, without giving them time to conſider whither they are going, or where they are to ſtop, or to examine whether he is right or wrong; but the glory of the philoſopher reſts on ſurer ground, he delights to appeal to the judgment, rather than to the feelings, and conſults poſterity, rather than the preſent moment; he addreſſes his ideas to the public, and ſubmits them to the ſevereſt examination and reproof; the orator addreſſes only a particular circle, and to ſerve a momen-

tary purpoſe, and his orations are ſeldom calculated to bear a ſtrict examination, as to their intrinſic merit or force of argument. Eloquence has, on the whole, contributed little to improve and civilize mankind, for its effects are fleeting and tranſitory; but the patient efforts of the moraliſt are permanent, ſure, and ſteady. Eloquence is like arbitrary power; when in the hands of an honeſt man, it is capable of conferring the greateſt happineſs on ſociety, by protecting the innocent, ſuccoring the diſtreſſed, defending virtue, promoting the arts, and puniſhing vice and immorality. Eloquence is the moſt dangerous gift to be entruſted to man, becauſe the miſuſe of it is attended with evils more numerous than its moſt noble exertions are capable of producing good; it places one man ſo much in the power of another, or rather whole nations in the power of one man, that without that man is endowed with the beſt diſpoſitions, to the reſt of ſociety, he is capable of injuring them in the deareſt intereſts, and overturning the greateſt privileges they have ever enjoyed.

INFIDELS.

INFIDELS.

" Read the Memoires of the Abbe BA-
" RUEL, and doubt, if you can, whether LI-
" TERATURE has power to kill, and to make
" alive." p. 369. The Abbe Baruel, the author of the Purſuits of Literature, and the whole train of Anti-Jacobin writers, have been at great pains to connect the literature of France, and the horrors of the French Revolution, yet they have failed in their attempt, in the opinion of all honeſt and impartial men, for ſuch eaſily perceive that they are no more connected than the cruelties which have been committed in the name of religion are to be attributed to the mild and amiable precepts of the author of chriſtianity. Though I do not mean to leſſen the horror which any pious believer may entertain of atheiſm and infidelity, nor his habitual veneration for the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, yet I am anxious to do juſtice to the intentions of thoſe men who thought they acted wiſely in ſo doing, and miſtook for prejudices in others, what they were not ſo fortunate as to believe. The cruelties which have, at various times,

been committed for the ſupport and propagation of chriſtianity, no one will deny to be contrary both to its language and ſpirit, for the words of its Divine Teacher are expreſs to the purpoſe,—" *He that uſeth the* " *ſword, ſhall periſh by the ſword.*" Now, if the writings of the infidels expreſsly condemn all violence, perſecution, and cruelty, and contain every where ſentiments of univerſal benevolence, toleration, and mercy, is it not equally unjuſt to impute to them the crimes which have been committed under pretence of propagating their principles, as it is to impute to Chriſt and his apoſtles the perſecutions of kings, popes, and emperors, committed in the name of chriſtianity? no inference can be more unjuſt, it is therefore only honeſt to acquit men of what they never intended; it may be ſaid, that though they were innocent, yet they were ignorant, and that though they did not intend evil, yet that it was the natural conſequence of their principles: though this is no more true in the one caſe than the other; the fact is, that the crimes were committed in both caſes, by men who never thought about principles in either; they were committed by men who, having no

other

other objects than ambition and the love of power, are always ready to take advantage of the confuſion which all great changes of opinion create in the theatre of the world, and call themſelves atheiſts or chriſtians, juſt as it ſuits their purpoſe.

PROFESSOR HEYNE.

" Profeſſor Heyne was originally a mecha-
" nick: he was not born with taſte, and he
" never acquired elegance. His learning is
" without diſcernment. More embodied
" dulneſs, or a heavier maſs of matter than
" *his* Virgil I never ſaw. The ſhrine of the
" Poet is indeed loaded with offerings, but it
" is illuminated with rays from Gottingen."
p. 389. Surely it can be no juſt reproach to Profeſſor Heyne, in the eſtimation of any liberal man, that he was originally bred a mechanic, the ſame might be ſaid of many other very learned men, and ſaid to their credit, if their talents or induſtry have promoted them beyond their original deſtination and lot; ſome men can neither advance themſelves, nor keep their place in ſociety. To ſay that he was not born with taſte, is no more than might be ſaid of every other man;

and

and he has made little advance in the knowledge of human nature: who ſuppoſes any of our intellectual faculties born with us? he might as well ſuppoſe us to come into the world with them arrived at full and complete maturity. That Profeſſor Heyne has never acquired elegance, is no reproach to him, yet certainly a misfortune to his readers, for his Latin is worſe than that of any modern editor, the great Brunck not excepted; his notes are trifling, and his diſſertations dull and tedious. I ſhould be ſorry to ſee any other claſſic fall into his hands; and, I truſt, the race of ſuch heavy critics is nearly extinct; we have need of a revolution in claſſical literature, if it is not needed elſewhere, for there are few editions of the claſſics ſuited to general readers; to men who ſtudy the antient authors, for the matter, not for the words they contain, and are therefore not nice about a minute difference of expreſſions, provided they comprehend the general force of an author's meaning and ſentiments. The preſent editions of Greek and Latin authors are either loaded with a tireſome ſucceſſion of verbal criticiſms, or a pompous diſplay of uſeleſs erudition, which fatigue without informing

forming the reader, and are more ſuited to excite wearineſs and diſguſt, than to elucidate or improve. All that is wanted is a pure, well-ſettled text, a ſolution of grammatical difficulties, and an explanation of ſuch paſſages as contain remote or hiſtorical alluſions, or ſuch other particulars as are requiſite to a compleat knowledge of the meaning and force of the author who is undertaken to be publiſhed; ſuch is the duty of an editor who wiſhes to be uſeful, rather than to diſplay his own treaſures.

NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY.

"A REVOLUTION IS NOT THE NECES-
"SARY CONSEQUENCE OF BANKRUPTCY." p. 432. Though the author of the Purſuits of Literature may think ſo, I ſhould be ſorry to try the experiment, for whenever the great fabric of paper falls, it will cruſh us all in its ruins. The merchant, the manufacturer, the ſailor, the ſoldier, the landed proprietor, and the ſtock-holder, all depend on each other, and the whole on the credit of our trade, for the landed property of the nation is mortgaged for more than double its worth. The caſe of the nation is that of a gentleman

tleman of good landed eſtate who mortgages that eſtate for double its amount, and employs the money in trade, which enables him to pay the intereſt of his debt, and live handſomely on the remainder; as long as his expences bear any proportion to the ſurplus of his gains, ſo long he may go on ſafely, but when his utmoſt exertions in trade are unable to procure him any further credit, the conſequence is evident, the gentleman's affairs will be thrown into confuſion, his hirelings and dependents will deſert him, and ſeek elſewhere, and by other means, to gain a ſubſiſtence.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

" The moſt ardent wiſh of my heart is A " SECURE PEACE, after a war for ever to be " deplored, bloody, fatal, and expenſive be- " yond all example; but which I always " believed, and ſtill believe, to have been " INEVITABLE." p. 439. The ſentiments and expectations of the loudeſt advocates for war are now much ſoftened by adverſity. The events of nine unſucceſsful campaigns againſt liberty, have taught them, that a nation, determined to be free, can never be ſubdued,

dued, and they now renounce the chimerical project of impoſing a government upon France; ſecurity is all they pretend to aim at, and that ſecurity might have been more eaſily and cheaply obtained from an infant republic than from one rooted and conſolidated by nine years of victorious warfare, and invigorated by the affections of the people, and the wiſdom of its rulers; yet there can be no peace till both parties are convinced of the ſincerity of each other. So much for the preſent war, which ſome think will be the laſt of any conſequence. Should I venture to hazard an opinion on the probability of that future reign of peace, which many benevolent writers have delighted to contemplate, I ſhould ſay, that at ſome yet diſtant period, when the ſpirit of wiſdom is more extenſively diffuſed, and the poſſeſſion of property more equally divided, it is not impoſſible that men may ſee the folly of fighting other people's battles, and be no longer ſeduced or compelled to riſque their lives for the means of living or the leſs juſtifiable motives of national vanity, or national revenge; that the evil paſſions will

ever be wholly eradicated from the human breaſt, ſo as to make the world what it has never yet been, a terreſtrial paradiſe, is by no means probable, we ought then indeed to alter the nature of man, and have, as it has been ſneeringly ſuggeſted, on the ſuppoſition of extirpating war, a new Adam and a new Eve; but that men ſhould ceaſe to riſque their lives, to gratify people's paſſions, is neither unnatural nor improbable; whenever this happens, the rulers of the world will then conſider the intereſt of individuals ſimply as ſuch, and not ſacrifice one part of the nation for the good of the remainder. The time will come, I have no doubt, when the idea of two nations going to war will be thought as ridiculous as it is now that they ſhould live at peace with each other.

Tunc genus humanum poſitis ſibi conſulat armis
In que vicem gens omnis amet.

Lucan. lib. i. l. 60.

The ambition and quarrels of individuals have, in all ages, been the origin of wars, and the people have ever been the ſufferers; we do not wonder, among barbarous nations, at the frequency or ſeverity of their conteſts,

yet

yet after the arts and habits of civilization have been introduced and extended, that the occupation of a ſoldier ſhould find a place, and fighting become a trade, is an anomaly no otherwiſe to be accounted for, than by ſuppoſing that civilization is not yet complete, and that the rights of ſociety are not yet equally enjoyed.

PATRIOTS.

" I have walked in the ſchool of Locke, " and have paſſed through that of Sidney." p. 443. This ſentence is equally falſe, and conceited. Let not the names of theſe great men be profaned by ſuch an alliance, to ſuch men as theſe the world is indebted for all that it at preſent enjoys of liberty, virtue, and happineſs; for had not they hazarded their lives and comfort, and patiently endured the world's contempt, darkneſs might yet have overſpread the face of the earth, and the moral world been without form or comelineſs. To thoſe purer ſouls who, refined from the groſs feelings of intereſt and ſervility, have written, fought, and ſuffered for their country, it is owing that

the glorious flame of liberty has been kept alive in the earth, and the maſs of ſociety preſerved from corruption and rottenneſs; for without liberty every other gift of heaven is dull and ſpiritleſs: what are knowledge, wealth, or talents, without the power to uſe them freely and honorably? what are friends and honors, without ſecure enjoyment? what is even life without liberty? To thoſe then who have ſurrendered their own comfort and quiet, to ſecure this ineſtimable bleſſing, to their own age and to poſterity, the world is indebted as its beſt benefactors; and though they ſeemed to ſuffer in their lives, by the ſacrifices they made of eaſe and comfort, yet they had pleaſures which the ſordid ſons of corruption can never feel; they had pleaſures which men of common clay can never taſte—they had their reward in the pure and animated enjoyment of having done a ſervice to the world which no narrow conſiderations of private intereſt can ever equal, and narrow ſouls can never comprehend. Let us then erect altars, and raiſe ſtatues to the memory of thoſe illuſtrious patriots who have ſuſtained the cauſe of liberty by their

pen,

pen, their ſword, or their purſe; yet if public gratitude ſhould fail to honor them with due reſpect, their memory will ſtill live in the breaſt of every honeſt man, who prizes his liberty dearer than his exiſtence, yet may they never ceaſe to be had in public remembrance!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Vide p. 5. The intereſting work of Madame de Stael, "De la Literature dans ſes rapports avec les Inſtitutions "Sociales," deſerves to be read with particular attention, as it developes the cauſes of paſt, and the means of future improvement, and appreciates, with force and judgment, the merits of the antients, compared with the moderns; it is a work of profound reflection, and written with uncommon brilliancy; there are ſome miſtakes as to hiſtorical facts, but few errors of opinion or ſentiment.

Vide p. 11. A certain popular writer on morality, Dr Paley, has, in my opinion, very wiſely omitted to reſt morality on any other ground than general utility, for no actions can be right or wrong independent of their conſequences. Benevolence is a virtue only becauſe it is found to promote happineſs, and fornication is a vice only becauſe it produces private and general miſery.

Vide p. 13. The apoſtolic ſucceſſion, to which both papiſt and proteſtant biſhops appeal, as the origin of their dignity, ſeems to me, after the fulleſt examination, to belong only to the preſbyterians, for till the commencement of the ſecond century, no ſuch perſons were known as biſhops; the apoſtles, it is true, were called επισκοποι, or overſeers of the churches they had planted, but after their deceaſe, we every where

where find these churches governed by presbyters, elected by the people, till the second century. The whole epistle of St Clement, the first in date and importance after the apostles, seems to have been written against a sedition in the Roman Church, which aimed to subvert the government of the presbyters, and gratify the ambition of an aspiring individual; the Saint every where appeals to the institution of the apostles, and reproves the rashness of those who attempted to innovate. Now, after this, all rests on tradition. The first ecclesiastical historian, Eusebius, appeals to no other authority, for he did not write till the middle of the third century.

Vide p. 20. In this exquisite piece of poetry, Akenside has aimed at an imitation of Pindar's first Pythian ode, in describing the power of music; yet he has failed, in his attempt, to represent the beautiful image of the eagle, in the concise, expressive terms of the Grecian bard. Gray has done the same, and succeeded better without doubt, yet both have fallen short of their model; the υγρον νωτον αωρει, are terms not to be expressed in English; and every language has terms which cannot be translated.

P. 32. The learned Isaac Casaubon has furnished us with a concise character of all these theological disputes. Being at Paris, he visited the college of the Sorbonne; on coming to a particular chamber, the person who attended him remarked to him, that that was the chamber in which the Doctors had disputed for more than four hundred years. "And what have they decided," was his reply.—v. Dict. Historique Francais.

P. 36.

P. 36. Thinking it right to prove what I have advanced reſpecting the writings of Johnſon and Parr, I will give ſome ſpecimens which I truſt will convince my readers of the faults of theſe two great writers. Firſt, as to the pompoſity, words, and manner of Johnſon—" Meteors play " their coruſcations without prognoſtic or prediction," Falſe Alarm, p. 1. " Among theſe men there is often the " vociferation of merriment, but very ſeldom the tranquil- " lity of chearfulneſs," Rambler, N° 53. " Long habits " may *ſuperinduce inability* to deny any deſire, or repreſs, " by ſuperior motives, the *importunities* of any *immediate* " *gratification*, and an *inveterate ſelfiſhneſs* will imagine all " advantages diminiſhed in proportion as they are communi- " cated," Rambler, N° 64. " He could not long hold out " againſt hilarity, but after a few months began to relax the " rigid muſcles of diſciplinarian moroſeneſs," Rambler, N° " 141. A continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguiſh- " able feud, an inceſſant reciprocation of miſchief, a mutual " vigilance to entrap, and eagerneſs to deſtroy," Rambler, " N° 185. " The attention is recreated by unexpected " facility, and the imagination ſoothed by incidental excel- " lencies," Rambler, N° 207. " That which they think " to be too parſimoniouſly diſtributed to their own claims, " they will not gratuitouſly ſquander upon others," Rambler, N° 193. The inverſions of our language, firſt introduced by Dr Johnſon, are now become ſo familiar, that they are hardly conſidered as faults; I will inſtance only a few, and leave the reſt to my reader. " To love excellence is " natural," Life of Cowley, p. 9. Here the common arrangement is inverted, and the infinitive mood begins the ſentence. " It is natural to love excellence," is the uſual method of placing, but Johnſon always affected ſingularity.

" A

" A Doctor of Phyſic, however, he was made at Oxford, " in December, 1657," Ditto, p. 15. " Of the Olym- " pic Ode, the beginning is, I think, above the original in " elegance, and below it in ſtrength," Ditto, p. 48. " By " this abruption poſterity loſt more inſtruction than de- " light," Ditto, p. 60. " Of triplets in his Davideis he " makes no uſe, and perhaps did not at firſt think them " allowable," Ditto, p. 69. " From ſuch prepoſſeſſions " Milton ſeems not to have been free," Life of Milton, p. 127. " How much more he originally intended, or " with what events the action was to be concluded, it is in " vain to conjecture," Life of Butler, p. 182. In ſome inſtances, it may be ſaid, that the conſtruction of our language is rendered ſmoother by theſe inverſions, but in the laſt, and in many others, this excuſe cannot be admitted, for there is a mere change without any improvement. The poverty of Johnſon's ideas, as he frequently wrote in haſte, is ſometimes diſguiſed under a pompous diction and manner, which hide from many the moſt common-place and trivial thoughts; a few examples will be ſufficient to prove that this is not haſtily advanced. " Every diffuſe and com- " plicated queſtion may be examined by different methods, " upon different principles, and that truth which is eaſily " found by one inveſtigator, may be miſſed by another, " equally honeſt and equally diligent," Falſe Alarm, p. 11. All this means nothing more than that, in all diſputes, ſome people muſt be right and others wrong. " All govern- " ment ſuppoſes ſubjects, all authority implies obedience," Ditto, p. 12. This is a mere truiſm, pompouſly expreſſed: the whole of this political ſquib is remarkable for a ſtiff and aukward turn of writing, and its pompous ſophiſtry of argument. His frequent repetitions of the ſame ideas will

be conſtantly evident to any man ſufficiently acquainted with his works. " To diſentangle confuſion, and illuſtrate " obſcurity," Obſervation on the State of Affairs in 1756. " The dictators of their conduct, and the arbiters of their " fate," Ditto. " Violations of treaties, and breach of " faith," Ditto. " Vague and indefinite." The latter of theſe epithets anſwers the purpoſe of both; but this is not the only inſtance where words are multiplied without multiplying ideas. " Rather live by plunder than by agricul- " ture, and conſider war as their beſt trade." A conſtant affectation of novelty in his expreſſions, and a certain pointed quaintneſs, are faults which, having omitted to mention, I will here produce a few inſtances of, and theſe may be ſufficient for the preſent. " We know that a few ſtrokes " of an ax will lop a cedar, but what arts of cultivation can " elevate a ſhrub?" Rambler, N° 25. " Huddled in the " variety of things, and thrown into the general miſcellany " of life," Rambler, N° 2. Reflections on Spring he " calls, " vernal ſpeculations," Ditto, N° 5. " Seeming " poſſibilities, interſtitial ſpaces, and tumultuous hurries," are conceited and needleſs epithets, v. Rambler, N° 8. " The train and progeny of ſubordinate apprehenſions and " deſires," Ditto. " There is a general ſucceſſion of " events in which contraries are produced by perpetual vi- " ciſſitudes," Ditto, N° 21. " The hopeleſs labor of " uniting heterogeneous ideas, digeſting independent hints, " and collecting, into one point, the ſeveral rays of borrow- " ed light, emitted often with contrary directions," N° 23. Theſe, and ſuch paſſages as theſe, are all replete with affectation, becauſe they expreſs common and familiar ideas in pompous and unuſual terms. It now only remains for me to give a few inſtances of affected point and quaintneſs.

" Men

" Men who lament nothing but the loſs of money, and feel " nothing but a blow," Rambler, N° 56. " The grati- " fication of curioſity rather makes us free from uneaſineſs " than confers pleaſure; we are more pained by ignorance " than delighted by inſtruction," Rambler, N° 103. This is pointed, but I doubt it is too haſtily aſſerted. " He that " is too deſirous to be loved will ſoon learn to flatter," Ditto, N° 104. " The greateſt human virtue bears no " portion to human vanity. We always think ourſelves " better than we are, and are generally deſirous that others " ſhould think us better than we think ourſelves. To " praiſe us for actions or diſpoſitions which deſerve praiſe, " is not to confer a kindneſs, but to pay a tribute," Ditto, N° 104. This whole number is remarkable for ſuch pointed ſentences, which have more keenneſs than truth, or knowledge of mankind. " Where there is no hope, there " can be no endeavor. For every ſingle act of progreſſion " a ſhort time is ſufficient, and it is only requiſite, that " whenever that time is afforded it be well employed," Ditto, N° 108. Theſe are a few of the faults of Johnſon's ſtile, and there are many others which it might not be difficult to point out; his bigotry, ſuperſtition, and prejudice require a fuller examination, which may be given at ſome future period. Yet with all his failings, as a writer and a man, we are infinitely indebted to him for his important ſervices to literature and morality. The language of Dr Parr has ſome, but not all the faults of Johnſon; he often uſes pompous words, but they are generally forcible, and convey a ſtrong meaning, while thoſe of Johnſon are often uſed to diſguiſe very trivial thoughts, and without that preciſion and accuracy which are conſtantly required to convey our ideas. The only fault of the ſplendid Dedication to Hurd,

is the too frequent uſe of epithets, and for this, one paſſage is remarkable. " It is not arrayed in any deluſive reſem-
" blance either of ſolemnity from fanatical cant, of profound-
" neſs from ſcholaſtic jargon, of preciſion from the crabbed
" formalities of cloudy philologiſts, or of refinement from
" the technical babble of frivolous connoiſſeurs." This perhaps is the only paſſage in the whole which is thoroughly reprehenſible, the reſt is in the grandeſt ſtile of dignity and elevation; it is exquiſitely and ſplendidly finiſhed, and it is impoſſible to produce more brilliant paſſages from any work in the Engliſh language, Junius, who is our beſt writer, not excepted. " Theſe are lucky ſituations in which it puſhes at
" once from the dim and tremulous twilight of uncertainty
" to the full and ſteady brightneſs of conviction," Remarks on the Statement of Dr Combe. This is pompous and affected. " What I thought of Mr Fox has been elſe-
" where ſtated, and I continue to think the ſame with in-
" creaſed conviction." So far is well, and intelligible.
" Great as may be my admiration of that man, when ſur-
" veyed on the theatre of his talents, it falls very ſhort of
" the affection and reverence which I feel when I contem-
" plate the nobler parts of his character, in the ſanctuary
" of his virtues. Of him I have ſaid in a Dedication what
" to the lateſt hour of my life I will repeat and avow, and
" what I am prepared to defend amidſt the diſſolution of
" public parties, the mutations of public opinion, and the
" ſhocks of public events," p. 9. In this paſſage are crowded together all the faults of Johnſon,—pompoſity, affectation, and formality, inverſion of the language, poverty and repetition of ideas. " I pronounce him an atrocious
" ſlanderer who could torture my undiſguiſed ſcruples as to
" the irreſiſtible neceſſity of an Antigallican war into the
" ſlighteſt

" ſlighteſt propenſity to Gallican theories, Gallican extra-
" vagancies, or Gallican enormities," Ditto, p. 65, which being tranſlated into plain Engliſh, means, that it was unjuſt for any man to infer, from his averſion to the war, that he was a friend to the enormities of the French. " To
" treaſure up a copious ſtore of ſpecific and energetic appel-
" lations for public crimes, be their motives ever ſo flagi-
" tious, their aggravations ever ſo heinous, and their conſe-
" quences ever ſo baleful," Ditto, p. 65. " The pur-
" chaſers of fine books are not always readers of learned
" books, and the readers of learned books, who may them-
" ſelves ſtand leaſt in need of being informed, are moſt ri-
" gorous in their requiſitions for information to be given
" upon the ſources from which notes are ſelected," p. 69. This is formal and perplexed. The Doctor's controverſial works abound certainly with many fine paſſages, but in general the ſtile is heavy and pompous.

P. 44. The preſent ſtate of this country, with regard to the article of proviſions, furniſhes an additional argument in favour of what has been advanced on the danger of truſting to ſpeculative opinions, without ſufficient experience; and recent events have completely overturned the fine-wrought and plauſible theories of Dr Adam Smith and his admirers; for the alarm of laſt year's ſcarcity having given an opportunity to ſpeculators in proviſions to monopolize, has ſo advanced them in price, that the lower claſſes of ſociety are hardly able, by the ſevereſt induſtry, to earn a bare ſubſiſtence: this monopoly being once eſtabliſhed, it is extremely difficult to reduce things to their own proper level, becauſe it is ſupported by a paper credit, extended beyond all the limits of convenience. And who is the better for all

this

this oppreſſion and iniquity? not thoſe who thus unjuſtly ſtarve and torment their fellow-creatures; for their ill-gotten wealth can give them little enjoyment, and no one ultimately receives any advantage, but the revenue for the money which is extorted from the induſtrious poor by monopolizers and foreſtallers, is ſpent on the luxuries of life, all of which are ſeverely taxed, while articles of the firſt neceſſity, the immediate produce of the land, which are the principal food of the poor, are not ſubject to taxation, ſo that the poor may be juſtly ſaid to labor not for themſelves but for others; this is an evil which will work its own cure by violent means, if not ſpeedily redreſſed by ſuch as are gentle. Without the interference of Government there is nothing left for thoſe conſumers, in the ſuperior claſſes, who feel they are oppreſſed, but to agree with each other not to make uſe of thoſe articles which are unjuſtly advanced, till they are conſiderably reduced in price. Let them be unanimous, and proceed with one thing after another, and they will attain their purpoſe.—" When bad men conſpire, honeſt men " muſt unite;" they have no other remedy.

P. 68. Though it is ſometimes difficult to ſettle, with accuracy, the chronology of the works of our antient poets, yet it is neither a fruitleſs nor a uſeleſs ſearch, as it marks the firſt dawnings and progreſs of genius, by enabling us to prove the variations of their different editions. The neglect of this accuracy is very frequent in the biographers of our numerous poets; but in none more than in the late R. Walpole, for, in his Life of Lord Buckhurſt, he ſpeaks of the Mirror, as being firſt publiſhed in 1610. For more accurate information I refer my reader to the *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*, lately re-publiſhed.

P. 69.

P. 69. The defects of this book are ſo numerous, that I have not room here to point them out; in one ſubject alone it will be ſufficient, and this may leave my readers to imagine the ſame in others. The department of poetry I will take as an inſtance; and what ought we to think of a Profeſſor who writes on the ſubject of Belles Lettres, and omits to criticiſe many ſpecies of poetry, and ſome of our beſt Poets?—His general remarks on paſtoral poetry are in many places borrowed, word for word, from Johnſon's Rambler, N° 36; and, in others, "disfigured, as gypſies "do ſtolen children, to prevent their being found out." To what are we to attribute his having never once mentioned the Paſtorals of Spenſer, and the Arcadia of Sir P. Sidney. The latter, though not written in verſe, is highly poetical in its language and characters; but this cannot be objected as his excuſe, becauſe he has noticed Telemachus. The Paſtoral Poems of Spenſer deſerve rather to be noticed for their faults than their beauties, for their coarſe language and unnatural allegory. The remarks on lyric poetry are equally defective; two lines are all he beſtows on Gray, and Akenſide is never mentioned; nor the choruſes in Maſon's tragedies. The praiſes of J. B. Rouſſeau, which have been echoed from one French critic to another, and repeated injudiciouſly by Warton, are here repeated again; but let it be remembered, that morality in verſe is not poetry, yet his Cantatas, which are never noticed, are the moſt truly poetical of all his numerous works, the moſt of which are below mediocrity. His enumeration of epic poems contains two pieces of Oſſian, which owe their place there entirely to national prejudice. The epithet beautiful, in his remarks on tragedy, ſeems ill applied to the moſt terrific choruſes of Æſchylus; and he certainly is miſtaken in ſaying

ing that the tragedies of Racine contain more incidents, more paſſion, and more buſtle, than thoſe of the Greeks, which were his model. One ſpecies of poetry he has entirely omitted. The Mock Heroic, or burleſque; ſuch are Garth's Diſpenſary, Phillips's Splendid Shilling, the Dunciad, the Lutrin, the Rape of the Lock, the Fribbeleriad of Garrick, and the Secchia Rapita, by Taſſoni: under this title is included the Macaronic poem, a ſpecies of humor of which we have but few ſpecimens; one by Drummond, is the beſt of the ſort before the time of the author, and another, publiſhed within theſe few years, attributed to Dr Geddes, and now out of print. But, of all his omiſſions, the moſt culpable is that of the Sonnet, a ſpecies of poetry unknown to the Greek and Latin writers, and in which ours have excelled their models. The Elegy is another ſpecies of poetry which Dr Blair has entirely omitted to notice; a tender, plaintive ſtrain, adapted to pour forth the gentle emotions of ſorrow, and not unfrequently to vent the complaints of love. Tibullus, among the antients, and Hammond, among our own writers, are thoſe who have principally excelled.

P. 89. The Treatiſes, here mentioned, I found by accident in the rare and curious library of Emanuel College, a copious repoſitory of human wiſdom and human folly; where I have diſturbed the duſt of many a neglected author, for alternate wearineſs and delight. The ingenious and induſtrious Robert Robinſon, in his ſpirited but ill-written Eccleſiaſtical Reſearches, has noticed this fiery inquiſitor, and given a ſhort account of his character, views, and ſentiments.

ADDITIONS.

TO the Sonnets which are here ſubjoined, as ſpecimens of the different writers in that ſpecies of poetry, I have ventured to add two, which, I believe, are now out of print; the one I met with in an old Magazine, the other is by a perſon whom I once had the happineſs to call my friend: they are both of ſingular merit, and deſerve to be reprinted.

SONNETS.

BY THE EARL OF SURREY.

Ed. CURLL, 1717.

Requeſt to his Love to joyne Bounty with Beautye.

THE golden Gift that Nature did thee geve,
To faſten Frendes, and feede them at thy wyll
With Fourme and Favour, taught me to beleve,
How thou art made to ſhewe her greateſt ſkill.
Whoſe hydden Vertues are not ſo unknowen,
But lively Dames might gather at the firſt,
Where Beautye ſo her perfect Seede hath ſowen,
Al other Graces followe nedes there muſt.
Now certeſſe Ladye, ſince al this is true,
That from above thy Giftes are thus elect,
Doe not deface them then with Fanſies newe.
Nor chaunge of Mindes let not the Mynde infecte,

But Mercy him thy Frende, that doth thee ſerve,
Who ſekes alway thine Honour to preſerve.

To ſhew how the poets of former times bedaubed each other with praiſes, I have given two complimentary ſtrains from Spenſer and Raleigh, which hardly deſerve the title with which they are honored, for a ſonnet ought not to convey a compliment but a complaint.

To the right noble and valorous Knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lieftenaunt of Cornewail.

To thee, that art the ſommer's nightingale,
Thy ſovereign goddeſſes moſt dear delight,
Why do I ſend this ruſtic madrigale,
That may thy tunefull ear unſeaſon quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write,
In whoſe high thoughts pleaſure hath beult her boure,
And dainty love learned ſweetly to endite,
My rimes, I know, unſavoury and ſoure:
To taſte the ſtreams that, like a golden ſhoure,
Flow from thy fruitful hede, of thy love's praiſe,
When ſo thee liſt thy lofty Muſe to raiſe;
Yet till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy fair Cynthia's praiſes be thus rudely ſhowne.

A Viſion upon the Conceipt of the Faery Queene.

Methought I ſaw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the veſtall flame

Was

Was wont to burne, and paſſing by that way,
To ſee that buried duſt of living fame,
Whoſe tumb fair love and fairer virtue kept,
All ſuddeinly I ſaw the faery Queene,
At whoſe approache the ſoul of Petrarke wept;
And from thenceforth thoſe Graces were not ſeene,
For they this Queene attended, in whoſe ſtead
Oblivion laid him down upon Laura's herſe,
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeen to bleed,
And grones of buried ghoſtes the heaven did perſe;
Where Homer's ſprite did tremble all for griefe,
And curſt the acceſs of that celeſtial thiefe.

DRAYTON.

Ed. 1753, p. 1260.

BRIGHT ſtar of beauty, on whoſe eye-lids ſit
A thouſand nymph-like and enamour'd graces,
The goddeſſes of memory and wit,
Which there in order take their ſeveral places,
In whoſe dear boſom ſweet delicious Love
Lays down his quiver which he once did bear,
Since he that bleſſed paradiſe did prove,
And leaves his mother's lap to ſport him there;
Let others ſtrive to entertain with words,
My ſoul is of a braver metal made,
I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords;
In me's that faith which time cannot invade.
Let what I praiſe be ſtill made good by you:
Be you moſt worthy, whilſt I am moſt true.

DRUMMOND.

DEAR choriſter, who from thoſe ſhadows ſends,
Ere that the bluſhing morn dare ſhew her light,
Such ſad lamenting ſtrains, that night attends
(Become all ear), ſtars ſtay to hear thy plight;
If one whoſe grief even reach of thought tranſcends,
Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taſte delight,
May thee importune who like caſe pretends,
And ſeems to joy in woe, in woe's deſpite;
Tell me (ſo may thou fortune milder try,
And long long ſing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and ſun in dappled ſky
Enamour'd ſmiles on woods and ſtow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my queſtions did her move,
With trembling wings ſigh'd forth, I love, I love.

DRUMMOND.

SWEET bird, that ſing'ſt away the early hours
Of winters paſt, or coming, void of care,
Well pleaſed with delights which preſent are,
Fair ſeaſons, budding ſprays, ſweet-ſmelling flow'rs;
To rocks, to ſprings, to rills, from leavy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodneſs doſt declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not ſpare,
A ſtain to human ſenſe in ſin that low'rs.
What ſoul can be ſo ſick, which by thy ſongs
(Attir'd in ſweetneſs) ſweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, ſpites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet, artleſs ſongſter, thou my mind doſt raiſe
To airs of ſpheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

DRUMMOND.

DRUMMOND.

LET us each day inure ourſelves to die,
If this, and not our fears, be truly death,
Above the circles both of hope and faith
With fair immortal pinions to fly;
If this be death, our beſt part to untie,
By ruining the gaol, from luſt and wrath,
And every drowſy langour here beneath,
To be made deniz'd citizen of ſky;
To have more knowledge than all books contain,
All pleaſures even ſurmounting wiſhing pow'r,
The fellowſhip of God's immortal train,
And theſe that time nor force ſhall e'er devour:
If this be death, what joy, what golden care
Of life, can with death's uglineſs compare?

To a Robin Red-Breaſt.

DEAR, ſocial bird, that oft, with fearleſs love,
Giv'ſt thy ſoft form to man's protective care,
Pleas'd, when rude tempeſts vex the ruffled air,
For the warm roof, to leave the naked grove.

Kindeſt and laſt of ſummer's tuneful train,
Ah! do not yet give o'er the plaintive lay,
But charm mild Zephyr to a longer ſtay,
And oft renew thy ſweetly-parting ſtrain.

So when rough winter frowns with brow ſevere,
And chilling blaſts ſhall ſtrip the ſheltering trees;
When meagre want thy ſhivering frame ſhall ſeize,
And death, with dart uplifted, hover near;
My grateful hand the liberal crumbs ſhall give,
My boſom warm thee, and my kiſs revive.

To the River Cam.

WHILST on thy ſedgy banks I penſive ſtray,
And mark thy ling'ring waters ſilent lave
Thy rows of antient willows, as they wave
Their thin, pale foliage o'er thy level way,
Sternly does memory point the diſtant hour
Which to thy favored ſeats, too raſhly gave
My untried youth, unſkilled the ſpell to brave,
Of ſloth's inſidious ſmile, or pleaſure's dulcet lay.
Sleep on, dull ſtream, emblem methinks of thoſe
Thy pampered ſons, who emulous no more,
The page of ſcience as they rudely cloſe,
Liſtleſs and ſad, drag out the lengthened hour,
Or if more ſocial mirth forbid repoſe,
With jeſts obſcene, profane the muſe's bower.

Though I have aſſerted, in p. 62, that the French have no writers of Sonnets, yet certainly they have ſome who have written poems under that name, yet whether they deſerve it or no, my readers will judge when they ſee one that is reckoned among their fineſt, it is by Henault, a poet in the time of Louis XIV; the ſubject is rather unfavorable to poetical, or even moral delicacy, and the whole is nothing but point and overſtrained antitheſis; it is entitled the ABORTION.

TOI qui meurs avant que de naitre,
Aſſemblage confus de l' être et du neant,
Triſte Avorton, informe enfant,
Rebut du neant et de l' être!

Toi

Toi que l'amour fit par un crime,
Et que l'amour defait par un crime a ſon tour,
Funeſte ouvrage de l'amour,
De l'honneur funeſte victime,
Donne fin aux remords par qui tu t'es vengé,
Et du fond du neant oú je t'ai replongé
N'entretiens point l'horreur dont ma faute eſt ſuivie,
Deux tyrans oppoſés ont decidé ton ſort ;
L'amour malgré l'honneur t'a fait donner la vie :
L'honneur malgré l'amour te fait donner la mort.

M. Sackuil's Induction.

THE wrathfull winter proching on apace,
With bluſtering blaſts had all ybarde the treene,
And olde Saturnus with his froſty face
With chilling cold had pearſt the tender greene :
The mantles rent, wherein enwrapped beene
The gladſome groues that now lay ouerthrowne,
The tapets torne, and euery tree downe blowne.

The ſoyle that erſt ſo ſeemly was to ſeene,
Was all deſpoyled of her beauties hewe :
And ſoote freſh flowers (wherewith the ſommers Queene
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blaſts downe blewe.
And ſmall foules flocking, in theyr ſong did rewe
The winters wrath, wherewith ech thing defaſte,
In woefull wiſe he wayld the ſommer paſt.

Hawthorne had loſt his motley liuery,
The naked twiges were ſhiuering all for cold :
And dropping downe the teares aboundantly,
Ech thing (mee thought) with weeping eye mee tolde
The cruell ſeaſon, bidding mee withholde

My

My ſelfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the fieldes, whereas I walkt about.

And ſorrowing I to ſee the ſommer flowers,
The liuely greene, the luſty leaſe forlorne,
The ſturdy trees ſo ſhattred with the ſhowers,
The fieldes ſo fade that floriſht ſo beforne,
It taught me well all earthly things be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may laſt.
The ſommers beauty yeeldes to winters blaſt.

Then looking upward to the heauens leames
With nightes ſtarres thicke powdred euery where,
Which erſt ſo gliſtned with the golden ſtreames
That chearfull Phœbus ſpred down from his ſphere,
Beholding darke oppreſſing day ſo neare.
The ſodayne ſight reduced to my mynde,
The ſundry chaunges that in earth wee finde.

That muſing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faſter than wee ſee
The flickring flame that with the fyre is wrought,
My buſſie mynde preſented unto mee
Such fall of Peeres as in the realme had bee:
That oft I wiſht ſome would their woes deſcryue,
To warne the reſt whome Fortune left a liue.

And ſtrait forth ſtalking with redoubled pace,
For that I ſawe the night drew on ſo faſt,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had all forewaſt,
Forth on her eyes the criſtall tears out braſt,
And ſighing ſore her hands ſhe wrong and folde,
Tare all her hayre that ruth was to beholde.

Her

Her body ſmale forwithred and forſpent,
As is the ſtalke that ſommers drought oppreſt,
Her wealked face with woefull tears bee ſprent,
Her colour pale, (as it ſeemed her beſt)
In woe and plaint repoſed was her reſt.
And as the ſtone that drops of water weares,
So dented were her chekes with fall of teares.

Her eyes ſwollen with flowing ſtreams aflote,
Where with her lookes throwne vp full piteouſly,
Her forceleſſe hands together oft ſhee ſmote,
With dolefull ſhrikes, that eckoed in the ſkye:
Whoſe plaint ſuch ſighes did ſtrait accompany,
That in my doome was neuer man did ſee
A wight but halfe ſo woe begone as ſhee.

I ſtoode agaſt, beholding all her plight,
Tweene dread and dolour ſo diſtreinde in hart
That while my hayres upſtarted with the ſight,
The tears out ſtreamde for ſorow of her ſmart:
But when I ſawe no end that could appart
The deadly dewle, which ſhe ſoe ſore did make,
With dolefull voice then thus to her I ſpake:

Unwrap thy woes what euer wight thou bee,
And ſtint in tyme to ſpill thy ſelf with playnt,
Tell what thou art, and whence, for well I ſee
Thou canſt not dure with ſorrow thus attaynt.
And with that word of ſorrow all forfaynt
Shee looked up, and proſtrate as ſhee lay
With piteous ſound lo thus ſhee gan to ſay.

Alas, I wretch whom thus thou ſeeſt diſtraynde
With waſting woes that neuer ſhall aſlake,
Sorrow I am, in endleſſe torments paynde,
Among the Furies in th' infernall lake,
Where Pluto God of Hell ſo grieſly blacke
Doth holde his throne, and Lætheus deadly taſt
Doth rieue remembraunce of ech thing forepaſt:

Whence come I am, the drery deſteny
And luckleſſe lot for to bemone of thoſe,
Whome Fortune in this maze of miſery,
Of wretched chaunce, moſt wofull Miroirs choſe,
That when thou ſeeſt how lightly they did loſe
Their pompe, their power, & that they thought moſt ſure,
Thou mayſt ſoone deeme no earthly ioy may dure.

Whoſe rufull voice no ſooner had out brayed
Thoſe wofull words, wherewith ſhee ſorrowed ſo,
But out alas ſhee ſhright and neuer ſtayed,
Fell downe, and all to daſht her ſelfe for wo.
The cold pale dread my limmes gan ouergo,
And I ſo ſorrowed at her ſorrowes eft,
That what with griefe and feare my wits were reft.

I ſtretcht my ſelfe, and ſtrait my hart reuiues,
That dread and dolour erſt did ſo appale,
Like him that with the feruent feuer ſtriues
When ſickneſſe ſeekes his calſtell health to ſkale:
With gathred ſprites ſo forſt I feare to auale.
And rearing her with anguiſh all foredone,
My ſprites return'd, and then I thus begon.

O Sorrow,

O Sorrow, alas ſith Sorrow is thy name,
And that to thee this drere doth well pertayne,
In vayne it were to ſeeke to ceaſe the ſame:
But as a man himſelfe with ſorrow ſlayne,
So I alas doe comfort thee in payne,
That here in ſorrow art forſunke ſo deepe,
That at thy ſight I can but ſigh and weepe.

I had no ſooner ſpoken of a ſtike
But that the ſtorme ſo rumbled in her breſt,
As Eolus could neuer roare the like,
And ſhowers downe raynde from her eyes ſo faſt,
That all bedreint the place, till at the laſt
Well eaſed they the dolour of her minde,
As drops of rayne doth ſwage the ſtormy winde.

For forth ſhee paced in her fearefull tale:
Come, come (quod ſhee) and ſee what I ſhall ſhowe,
Come here the playning, and the bitter bale
Of worthy men, by Fortunes ouerthrowe.
Come thou and ſee them rewing all in rowe.
They were but ſhades that erſt in minde thou rolde.
Come, come with mee, thine eyes ſhall them beholde.

What coulde theſe wordes but make mee more agaſt,
To heare her tell whereon I muſde while ere:
So was I mazde therewith; till at the laſt,
Muſing upon her words, and what they were,
All ſodaynly well leſſoned was my feare:
For to my minde retourned how ſhee teld
Both what ſhee was, and where her wun ſhee helde.

Whereby I knewe that ſhe a Goddeſſe was,
And therewithall reſorted to my minde
My thought, that late preſented mee the glas
Of brittle ſtate, of cares that here wee finde,
Of thouſand woes to ſeely men aſſynde:
And how ſhee now bid me come and beholde
To ſee with eye that earſt in thought I rolde.

Flat downe I fell, and with all reuerence
Adored her, perceiuing now that ſhee
A Goddeſſe ſent by godly prouidence,
In earthly ſhape thus ſhews her ſelfe to mee,
To wayle and rue this worlds uncertainty:
And while I honourd thus her Godheads might,
With plaining voyce theſe words ſhee ſhright.

I ſhall thee guyde firſt to the grieſly lake,
And thence vnto the bliſsfull place of reſt,
Where thou ſhalt ſee and heare the playnt they make,
That whilome here bare ſwinge among the beſt.
This ſhalt thou ſee, but greate is the vnreſt
That thou muſt byde, before thou canſt attayne
Unto the dreadfull place where theſe remayne.

And with theſe words as I vprayſed ſtood,
And gan to followe her that ſtraight forth paſte,
Ere I was ware, into a deſert woode
Wee now were come: where hand in hand imbraſte
Shee led the way, and through the thicke ſo traſte,
As but I had bene guided by her might,
It was no way for any mortall wight.

But loe, while thus amid the deſert darke,
Wee paſſed on with ſteps and pace vnmeete,
A rumbling roare confuſde with howle and barke
Of Dogs, ſhoke all the ground vnder our feete,
And ſtroke the din within our eares ſo deepe,
As halfe diſtraught vnto the ground I fell,
Beſought retourne, and not to viſite Hell.

But ſhee forthwith vplifting mee a pace
Remoude my dread, and with a ſtedfaſt minde
Bad mee come on, for here was now the place,
The place where wee our trauails end ſhould finde.
Wherewith I roſe, and to the place aſſignde
Aſtomde I ſtalkt, when ſtrayght wee aproached nere
The dreadfull place, that you will dread to here,

And hideous hole all vaſte, withouten ſhape,
Of endles depth, orewhelmde with ragged ſtone,
With ougly mouth, and grieſly iawes doth gape,
And to our ſight confounds it ſelfe in one.
Here entred wee, and yeeding forth, anone
An horrible lothly lake wee might diſcerne
As blacke as pitch, that cleped is Auerne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbiſh grows,
With fowle blacke ſwelth in thickned lumps that lies,
Which vp in th' ayre ſuch ſtinking vapors throws
That ouer there, may flie no fowle but dyes,
Choakt with the peſtlent ſauours that ariſe.
Hither wee come, whence forth wee ſtill did pace,
In dreadfull feare amid the dreadfull place:

And firſt within the porch and iawes of Hell
Sate deepe Remorſe of conſcience, all bee ſprent
With teares: and to her ſelfe oft would ſhee tell
Her wretchednes, and curſing neuer ſtent
To ſob and ſighe: but euer thus lament,
With thoughtfull care, as ſhee that all in vaine
Would were and waſte continually in payne.

Her eyes vnſtedfaſt rolling here and there,
Whurld on each place, as place that vengeaunce brought,
So was her minde continually in feare,
Toſſed and tormented with tedious thought
Of thoſe deteſted crymes which ſhee had wrought:
With dreadfull cheare and lookes throwne to the ſkie,
Wiſhing for death, and yet ſhee could not die.

Next ſawe wee Dread all trembling how hee ſhooke,
With foote vncertayne profered here and there.
Benomd of ſpeach, and with a ghaſtly looke
Searcht euery place all pale and dead for feare,
His cap borne vp with ſtaring of his heare,
Soynde and amazde at his owne ſhade for dreede,
And fearing greater daungers then was neede.

And next within the entry of this lake
Sate fell Reuenge gnaſhiug her teeth for ire,
Deuiſing meanes how ſhee may vengeaunce take,
Neuer in reſt till ſhee haue her deſire:
But frets within ſo farforth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines ſhee
To dy by death, or vengde by death to bee.

When fell Reuenge with bloudy foule pretence
Had ſhowde her ſelfe as next in order ſet,
With trembling lims wee ſoftly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another ſight wee met:
When fro my heart a ſigh forthwith I fet,
Rewing alas upon the woefull plight
Of Miſery, that next appeard in ſight.

His face was leane, and ſomedeale pynde away,
And eke his hands conſumed to the bone,
But what his body was I cannot ſay,
For on his carkas rayment had hee none
Saue clouts and patches pieced one by one,
With ſtaffe in hand, and ſcrip on ſhoulder caſt,
His chiefe defence agaynſt the winters blaſt.

His foode for moſt, was wilde fruites of the tree,
Unleſſe ſometime ſome crums fell to his ſhare,
Which in his wallet long God wot kept hee,
As one the which full daintely would fare.
His drinke the running ſtreame: his cup the bare
Of his palme cloaſde, his bed the hard cold ground
To this poore life was Miſery ybound.

Whoſe wretched ſtate when wee had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him and on his feres,
In thoughtfull cares, forth then our pace wee held.
And by and by, another ſhape apperes
Of greedy Care, ſtill bruſhing vp the breres,
His knuckles knobde, his fleſh deepe dented in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned ſkin.

The morrowe gray no ſooner hath begon
To ſpreade his light euen peping in our eyes,
When hee is vp and to his work yrun.
But let the nights blacke miſty mantles riſe,
And with foule darke neuer ſo mutch diſguiſe
The fayre bright day, yet ceaſſeth hee no while,
But hath his candels to prolong his toyle.

By him lay heauy Sleepe the coſin of Death
Flat on the ground, and ſtill as any ſtone,
A very corps, ſaue yelding forth a breath.
Smale kepe tooke hee whome Fortune frowned on,
Or whom ſhee lifted vp into the throne
Of high renoune, but as a liuing death,
So dead aliue, of life hee drew the breath.

The bodies reſt, the quiet of the hart,
The trauailes eaſe, the ſtill nights feere was hee.
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reuer of ſight, and yet in whom wee ſee
Things oft that tyde, and oft that neuer bee.
Without reſpect eſteming equally
King Cræſus pompe, and Irus pouertie.

And next in order ſad Old Age wee found,
His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drouping chere ſtill poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him aſſinde
To reſt, when that the ſiſters had vntwynde
His vitall thred, and ended with their knyfe
The fleting courſe of faſt declyning lyfe.

There heard wee him with broke and hollow plaint
Rewe with him ſelfe his end approching faſt,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment,
With ſweete remembraunce of his pleaſures paſt,
And freſh delytes of luſty youth forewaſt.
Recounting which, how would hee ſob and ſhrike:
And to bee yong agayne of Ioue beſeke.

But and the cruell fates ſo fixed bee,
That tyme forepaſt cannot retourne agayne,
This one requeſt of Ioue yet prayed hee:
That in ſuch withred plight, and wretched paine,
As eld (accompanied with his lothſome trayne)
Had brought on him, all were it woe and griefe,
Hee might a while yet linger forth his liefe,

And not ſo ſoone diſcend into the pit:
Where Death, when hee the mortall corps hath ſlayne,
With retchleſſe hand in graue doth couer it,
Therafter neuer to enioy agayne
The gladſome light, but in the ground ylayne,
In depth of darkneſſe waſt and weare to nought,
As hee had nere into the world bene brought.

But who had ſeene him, ſobbing how hee ſtoode
Unto himſelfe, and how hee would bemone
His youth forepaſt, as though it wrought him good
To talke of youth, all were his youth foregone,
Hee would haue muſde and meruaylde much whereon
This wretched Age ſhould life deſire ſo fayne,
And knowes full well lyfe doth but length his payne.

Crookebackt hee was, toothſhaken, and blere eyde,
Went on three feete and ſomtyme crept on fowre,
With olde lame boanes, that ratled by his ſyde,
His ſcalpe all pild, and hee with eld forlore:
His withred fiſt ſtill knocking at Deaths dore,
Fumbling and driueling as hee drawes his breath,
For briefe, the ſhape and meſſenger of Death.

And faſt by him pale Malady was plaſte,
Sore ſicke in bed, her colour all foregone,
Bereft of ſtomacke, ſauour, and of taſte,
Ne could ſhee brooke no meate but broths alone.
Her breath corrupt, her kepers euery one
Abhorring her, her ſicknes paſt recure,
Deteſting phiſicke, and all phiſickes cure.

But oh the dolefull ſight that then wee ſee,
Wee tournd our looke, and on the other ſide
A grieſly ſhape of Famine mought wee ſee,
With greedy lookes, and gaping mouth that cryed,
And roarde for meate as ſhee ſhould there haue dyed,
Her body thin, and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the caſe alone.

And that alas was gnawne on euery where,
All full of holes, that I ne mought refrayne
From tears, to ſee how ſhee her armes could teare,
And with her teeth gnaſh on the bones in vayne:
When all for nought ſhee fayne would ſo ſuſtayne
Her ſtaruen corps, that rather ſeemde a ſhade,
Then any ſubſtaunce of a creature made.

Great was her force, whome ſtone wall could not ſtay,
Her tearing nayles ſnatching at all ſhee ſaw:
With gaping iawes, that by no meanes ymay
Be ſatisfide from hunger of her mawe,
But eates herſelfe as ſhee that hath no lawe:
Gnawing, alas, her carkas all in vayne,
Where you may count ech ſinew, bone, and vayne.

On her while wee thus firmly fixt our eyes,
That bled for ruth of ſuch a drery ſight,
Loe ſodaynly ſhee ſhrikt in ſo huge wiſe,
As made Hell gates to ſhiuer with the might.
Wherewith a dart wee ſawe how it did light
Right on her breſt, and therewithall pale Death
Enthrilling it to reue her of her breath.

And by and by a dum dead corps wee ſawe,
Heauy and colde, the ſhape of death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his lawe:
Againſt whoſe force in vaine it is to fight.
Ne Peeres, ne Princes, nor no mortall wyght,
No Townes, ne Realmes, Cittyes, ne ſtrongeſt Tower,
But all perforce muſt yeelde vnto his power.

His dart anon out of the corps hee tooke,
And in his hand (a dreadfull ſight to ſee)
With great tryumph eftſones the ſame hee ſhooke,
That moſt of all my feares affrayed mee.
His body dight with nought but bones perdye,
The naked ſhape of man there ſaw I plaine,
All ſaue the fleſh, the ſinow, and the vaine.

Laſtly ſtoode Warre in glittering armes yclad,
With viſage grym, ſterne lookes, and blackly hewed,
In his right hand a naked ſworde hee had,
That to the hilts was all with bloud embruyed:
And in his left (that King and kingdomes rewed)
Famine and fyer he held, and therewithall
He razed townes, and threw downe towres and all.

Cities he ſakt, and realmes that whileome flowred
In honour, glory, and rule aboue the beſt
Hee ouerwhelmde, and all theire fame deuoured,
Conſumde, deſtroyde, waſted and neuer ceaſt,
Tyll hee theire wealth, theire name and all oppreſt,
His face forehewde with wounds, and by his ſide
There hung his targ, with gaſhes deepe and wide.

In mids of which, depainted there wee founde
Deadly Debate, all full of ſnaky heare,
That with a bloudy fillet was ybound,
Out beeathing nought but diſcord euery where.
And round about were portrayde here and there
The hugy hoſtes, Darius and his power,
His Kings, Princes, his Peeres, and all his flower.

Here from when ſcarce I could mine eyes withdrawe
That fylde with tears as doth the ſpringing Well,
Wee paſſed on ſo far forth till we ſawe
Rude Acheron, a lothſome lake to tell,
That boyles and bubs vp ſwelth as blacke as hell,
Where grieſly Charon at theyr fixed tyde
Still ferries ghoſtes vnto the farder ſide.

The aged God no ſooner Sorrow ſpyed,
But haſting ſtraight vnto the bancke apace,
With hollowe call vnto the rout hee cryed,
To ſwarue apart, and gieue the Goddeſſe place.
Strayt it was done, when to the ſhore wee pace,
Where hand in hand as wee than linked faſt,
Within the boate wee are together plaſte,

And forth wee launch full fraughted to the brinke,
Whan with th' vnwonted waight, the ruſty keele
Began to cracke as if the ſame ſhould ſinke.
Wee hoyſe vp maſte and ſayle, that in a while
Wee fet the ſhoare, where ſcarſely wee had while
For to ariue, but that wee heard anone
A three ſound barke confounded all in one.

Wee had not long forth paſt, but that wee ſawe
Black Cerberus the hydeous hound of hell,
With briſtles reard, and with a three mouth'd Iawe,
Foredinning th' ayre with his horrible yell.
Out of the deepe darke caue where hee did dwell,
The Goddeſſe ſtraight hee knewe, and by and by
He peaſt and couched, while that wee paſt by.

Thence come wee to the horrour and the hell,
The large great Kingdoms, and the dreadfull raigne
Of Pluto in his throne where hee did dwell,
The wide waſte places, and the hugie playne:
The waylings, ſhrikes, and ſondry ſorts of payne,
The ſighes, the ſobs, the deepe and deadly groane,
Earth, ayre, and all reſounding playnt and moane.

Heare pewled the babes, and here the maydes vnwed,
With folded hands theyr ſory chaunce bewayld:
Here wept the guiltles ſlayne, and louers dead,
That ſlew them ſelues when nothing els auayld:
A thouſand ſorts of ſorrowes here that waylde
With ſighs and teares, ſobs, ſhrikes, and all yfeare,
That (oh alas) it was a hell to heare.

Wee ſtaide vs ſtrait, and with a rufull feare,
Beheld this heauy ſight, while from myne eyes,
The vapored tears downe ſtilled here and there,
And Sorrowe eke in far more wofull wiſe,
Tooke on with plaint, vp heauing to the ſkies
Her wretched hands, that with her cry the rout
Gan all in heapes to ſwarme vs round about.

Loe here (quoth Sorrow) Princes of renoune,
That whilom ſate on top of Fortunes wheele,
Now layde full low, like wretches whurled downe,
Euen with one frowne, that ſtayde but with a ſmyle.
And now beholde the thing that thou erewhile
Saw onely in thought, and what thou now ſhalt heere
Recompt the ſame to Keſar, King, and Peere.

Then firſt came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloake of blacke alt pilde and quite forworne,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a Duke hath made him now her ſkorne.
With gaſtly lookes as one in maner lorne,
Oft ſpred his armes, ſtretcht hands hee ioynes as faſt,
With rufull cheare, and vapored eyes vpcaſt.

His

His cloake hee rent, his manly breſt hee beat,
His hayre all torne about the place it lay,
My heart ſo molt to ſee his griefe ſo great,
As felingly me thought it dropt away:
His eyes they whurld about withouten ſtay,
With ſtormy ſighes the place did ſo complayne,
As if his heart at ech had burſt in twayne.

Thriſe hee began to tell his dolefull tale,
And thriſe the ſighes did ſwallow vp his voyce,
At ech of which he ſhriked ſo withall,
As though the heauens riued with the noyſe:
Till at the laſt recouering his voyce.
Supping the teares that all his breſt beraynde,
On cruell Fortune weeping thus he playnde.

Ed. Marſh, 1587.

The

The following Thoughts appeared, at different Times, in the Cambridge Intelligencer.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRIDGE INTELLIGENCER.

SIR,

THE probability of peace being now ſuppoſed to reſt ſolely on the ſtability of the new French government; it is a matter of the utmoſt importance, to enquire how that is to be proved. Thoſe who are deſirous to defer the period of peace, will inſiſt on time as the only criterion, while others who look for the future ſtability of governments, not in their paſt duration only, but in their merits, will readily acknowledge that the continuance of the new French conſtitution depends on its own character, and that of thoſe by whom it is adminiſtered.—Should we be condemned to truſt

truſt to time alone, for the proſpect of peace, I fear the happy event is yet far diſtant, for time is an indefinite term, and our miniſters are unwilling to define it: time is their ſafeſt refuge, their never-failing reſource; time however may ſwallow up the preſent generation, before their hopes are realized, and entail the curſes of war on our poſterity; "It requires at leaſt fifty years," ſays one of the friends of miniſtry, "for any new power "or conſtitution to find its level." * If this be true, our ſtate is hopeleſs indeed: yet time, though it may ſtrengthen a government, does not always improve it: and if it be objected, to the preſent government of France that it is new, it might be eaſy to name many others on the Continent, which are not better becauſe they are older. Time then is ſo far from being a criterion of the probable ſtability of a government, that the oldeſt are neareſt their diſſolution, at leaſt thoſe which are new, cannot be proved to be nearer. The want of age was never objected to the late conſtitution of France, why ſhould it then to the preſent? the throne of Rewbell was not longer fixed, than that of

 Bonaparte,

* Purſuits of Literature, p. 169.

Bonaparte, yet our miniſters did not heſitate to negociate with him. The probable ſtability of a government then is no more to be determined by time, than the life of a man by its paſt duration, rather than by his health. We will look then for the permanency of the French government in its own intrinſic merit, and the merits of thoſe by whom it is adminiſtered. In a government where great power is given to one or more individuals, the character and effects of that government, will always depend much on the temper of its principal agents, independent of the principles upon which it is eſtabliſhed: ſuch is preciſely the caſe in France. The government is founded on the principles of liberty and equality; yet ſo great is the power given to its firſt Conſul, that the proſperity of the country, in a great meaſure, depends on the wiſdom and vigor of his conduct; and hitherto we have ſeen nothing to make us doubt his ſucceſs; for in ſpite of all the coarſe illiberality with which he has been reviled, I will venture to maintain, that while his virtues and his talents are exerted as they have been, they muſt ultimately produce the good and happineſs of his country; for it has been

his

his conſtant endeavour to reconcile all parties, to conciliate all his enemies, and to diſſolve all oppoſition by the gentle influence of moderation and mildneſs, by yielding to inveterate habits, by reſpecting ancient prejudices, and reconciling the oppoſite antipathies of different parties: it is here then we are to look for the ſtability of the new government, in the total difference of conduct which has marked every act of its adminiſtration, from all thoſe which preceded it, and in the ſatisfaction with which it has been received by the people; every hideous mark of revolution is effaced, and I defy any one to produce a ſingle inſtance of cruelty, injuſtice, or tyranny committed by the new rulers of France. The irritating petulance of manifeſtoes and public addreſſes is abandoned, and the firſt Conſul, truſting rather to deeds than to words for his credit, both at home and abroad, has been very ſparing in his proclamations and profeſſions; and on all the late tranſactions reſpecting peace, has preſerved a degree of ſilent dignity, which does honour to his magnanimity and prudence, *while he is preparing with zeal and activity to enſure thoſe fu-*

ture ſucceſſes which will aſtoniſh all Europe, and avenge more completely than by words, the inſults he has received from this country. I have here ſaid all that I chooſe to ſay on the character of Bonaparte, or I might contraſt him with the rulers of other nations. What I have ſaid is ſufficient to ſhew my opinion —he has regenerated France, and in a few years his character, combined with the principles of the French revolution, will have ſuch an influence on the affairs of the world, as that of no other individual ever yet had in any age or country.

Morpeth, March 9. W. B.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRIDGE INTELLIGENCER.

SIR,

WHILE men are debating about theories, they often loſe ſight of much practical good; the experience of ages ought to teach us not to expect too much from human nature, and

and in the progreſs of improvement to proceed by ſlow and gentle ſteps; it remains yet to be proved, whether men can ever be ſo pure and happy as ſome moraliſts have imagined; paſt experience pronounces the contrary, yet that is frequently contradicted by new occurrences. Guided by theſe principles, I will attempt to examine the preſent French Conſtitution, impartially, becauſe it contradicts ſome of the ſanguine expectations I had formed of the progreſs of Liberty; deliberately, becauſe I have waited to ſee the opinions of others, and honeſtly, becauſe I have no intereſt in its ſucceſs, but in the general good it is likely to produce. The main object of all good government is to ſecure the people from the oppoſite evils of deſpotiſm, and anarchy; from the oppreſſion of individuals, and the oppreſſion of each other: two evils which naturally tend to their extremes; deſpotiſm produces anarchy, and anarchy begets deſpotiſm; this has been exemplified by the ſtate of France, for theſe laſt ten years. Liberty, as far as it can be ſecured under any human inſtitution, till mankind are more generally enlightened, exiſts in the medium between

theſe two extremes: men are not yet pure enough to govern themſelves, they muſt feel the force of law, and the power of authority. A government purely repreſentative, or a government where repreſentation is diſregarded, muſt degenerate into tyranny; the great ſecret is, to make the government and the people reciprocally feel the force of each other: wiſdom is the beſt qualification, though it does not form an excluſive right to govern, as ſome men have imagined, but wiſdom is not always the lot of the people; let their choice then be corrected by thoſe whom education has given greater ability to judge wiſely.

The baſis of the new French Conſtitution, is the right of the people to chooſe their own rulers; but it does not ſtop here, for this principle, though plauſible in theory, has been found by experience to be attended with danger; it is modified and corrected by tempering ſtrict right, with ſuperior wiſdom; the conſtitution has its root in the people, and its branches flouriſh only by their ſupport; it acknowledges the controul of public opinion by being ſubmitted to their acceptance, and ſo far from being a uſurpation

tion of their rights, it delivered them from the hands of uſurpers, and effectually ſecured them againſt future encroachment. Out of five thouſand men choſen by the people, it will be hard if there cannot be found five hundred, poſſeſſing talents and integrity, to be ſelected by others, whom in the preſent inſtance it will not be denied are eminently qualified for the office; and theſe men, though they may not propagate wiſdom, may at leaſt judge of it in thoſe who are offered to their choice, to recruit their own body in caſe of death: there is no danger that they ſhould form a junto of their own friends, for they have not the nomination of the candidates, but the government and the councils have each their ſhare. The principle of popular choice, ſo far from being abandoned in any part of the ſtate, is made the firſt requiſite for all popular adminiſtrations: they muſt be choſen out of a liſt formed by the people. In deſpotic monarchies every thing emanates from the Sovereign, all look up to him; here every thing emanates from the people, though it finds its completion in the government. The Conſervate Senate is to be conſidered as the barrier between

between arbitrary power, and democratic violence: they are the bottom on which the conſtitution is built, whether it is rock or ſand, is hardly to be doubted: they cannot be openly corrupted, becauſe they can accept of no place, they are made independent by their ſalaries, and the public purſe is ſo well guarded as to deprive the Conſul of all power to corrupt them in ſecret. This Senate is inveſted with a controuling power over the acts of the legiſlature, not generally nor arbitrarily, but only in certain caſes referred to them by the Tribunate: their power of ſelecting the legiſlative bodies juſtly entitles them to the name of conſervative; for on theſe depend the ſafety of the ſtate, and without they are weak or corrupt, it can never be in danger. It is this part of the government which ſeems to take moſt from its democratic quality, but the experience of ten years has proved that ſome balance was requiſite againſt the weakneſs of the people, to prevent their power from being made the engine of faction, or the ſport of tyranny. The power of propoſing laws, entruſted to the government, has given the greateſt offence to the ardent friends

friends of freedom; yet it is a power not wholly deſtructive of liberty, as we have ſeen in our own country, and if it tends in ſome meaſure to deprive them of the chance of being popular, it is corrected by another power, the power of rejecting them, which, if they remain uncorrupt, is a ſufficient ſecurity for the rights of the people. Let it be remembered that I do not ſpeak of a government poſitively free, but of ſuch a medium between monarchy and entire liberty as the ſtate of the country will permit:—a country juſt emerged from the corruption of deſpotiſm, and hardly purified from her former filth. Such a government as is formed on the knowledge of the ſtate of the people for whom it is intended, and not for men in the utmoſt ſtate of purity. A government conſiderably removed from deſpotiſm, yet not advanced to complete liberty. To ſay that it has no defects, is ridiculous; but they are ſuch as could not have been avoided, conſidering the ſtate of the times. Such is the government by which the French may be happy, if the reſtleſsneſs of their nature will permit: ſuch is the government which the violent, in both extremes, have united to re-

probate, and leaped over the ſpace between them, to join hands with each other. Such is the government which the temperate only will admire, and admire it the more becauſe it is condemned by the violent of all parties. —The force of prejudice was perhaps never more fully diſplayed than in the means which have been employed to vilify this government, and its firſt miniſter; the Royaliſt, to condemn it, affects a regard for the rights of the people, and the Democrat has reviled it becauſe it is not ariſtocratical. Peltier* and the Morning Poſt have met together,—Mallet du Pan† and the Morning Chronicle have kiſſed each other. Yet great muſt be the blindneſs or the prejudice of that man who can compare Bonaparte to Robeſpierre, or apply the ſame epithets to the one as to the other; that this ſhould be done by the hirelings of power, is not to be wondered at, for Bonaparte is more formidable to them than the other. Yet that men who conſider themſelves the advocates of truth, ſhould have dwelt, with malignant pleaſure, on what they call an act of uſurpation,

* Paris, Vol. 25.

† Mercure Britannique, N° 32.

pation, and ſtudiouſly or haſtily detract from every act of lenity or mercy exerciſed by the firſt Conſul, is rather to be imputed to their zeal, than their wiſdom or their temper. I will aſk of theſe intemperate friends of liberty, in what he has offended?—He exerted with vigour and promptneſs the only means in his power to diſpoſſeſs a ſet of tyrants, and * uſurpers, and reſtored the people to the exerciſe of their rights, ſomewhat limited and modified—if they are not again violated, he deſerves praiſe, for what he has done, rather than cenſure for what he could not do with prudence. Here then is the ſtate in which the French are placed by their new Conſtitution. The rights of all are acknowledged and protected, though ſome are privileged above others, yet not by birth, but by office: all men are equally eligible to public employments, for which they are to be recommended by the people, though ſelected by the Senate or Conſul.—The perſonal liberty of every individual is ſtrictly ſecured, ſo that no man is ſubject to

* Uſurpers they were, who had annulled all popular elections contrary to their own intereſt.

arbitrary arreſt, or tedious detention. There is no power in any part of the government to oppreſs the people, nor can they obſtruct the government in the exerciſe of its conſtitutional functions. The firſt Conſul is ſurrounded by a body of Counſellors, for every department of the ſtate, not ſolely of his own choice, but out of a limited number preſented by the people, for whoſe intereſt they are to frame, and to whoſe repreſentatives they are to preſent laws, with the conſent of the Conſul; ſo that every law is to be the reſult of the joint will of the government, and the people, and has the advantage of being deliberated three ſeparate times; the great controul of public opinion is eſtabliſhed by the formation of national liſts, which form a ſtanding teſtimony to thoſe enrolled on them, of the approbation of their fellow Citizens: that theſe elections cannot be bribed by the government is to be expected from the expoſure of the public accounts: that they cannot be bribed by individuals is certain, becauſe they are too numerous, and that they cannot be influenced by the hopes of preferment, is alſo certain, becauſe the

elected

elected and not the electors are alone eligible to all public employments.

To the ſafeguard and vigilance of the people is this conſtitution entruſted; it eſtabliſhes no arbitrary diſtinctions of birth, and riches, no dominion over the rights of conſcience—no excluſive privileges deſtructive of the happineſs of others; every man is left to the free exerciſe of his induſtry, the free enjoyment of his profeſſions, the free and full expreſſion of his ſentiments. This is perhaps the laſt experiment, ſhould it fail, that will ever be tried for the attainment of happineſs on the principle of equal rights; ſhould it ſucceed, theſe rights may hereafter be exerciſed with greater freedom. It is only by experiment, that wiſdom is to be gained, and it is only by being too haſty in experiments, that our happineſs is endangered. While difference of opinions prevails, (and who will ſay that it will ever ceaſe) mankind will never be entirely peaceable, yet many important grounds of difference may yet be removed: the wiſdom of the world has hitherto been ſo equally divided, as to keep it in perpetual diſturbance: yet ſome men will

ſay

ſay that this agitation is indiſpenſible, as in water to prevent it becoming ſtagnant: nevertheleſs they do their fellow creatures the greateſt kindneſs who endeavour to inſtil into them the ſentiments of peace and harmony. The character of Bonaparte has undoubtedly had great influence in the formation of the conſtitution; it partakes of that ſound wiſdom, for which he has ever been diſtinguiſhed. He has redeemed a whole people from moral and political degradation, and improved the condition of his ſpecies—whether it will be in his power to procure for them ſpeedily the bleſſings of peace, is yet doubtful, but at preſent he muſt prepare for war. When he has paſſed the time of probation required of him by the Britiſh miniſtry, and brought proofs of his good behaviour before the Cabinet Council, when he is ſtrong enough to repel all attempts on France, to compel Germany to accept his offers, and to ſhew that he cannot be reſiſted, he may then be thought worthy to negociate on equal terms with the immaculate miniſters of this country, and be permitted to purchaſe for the world, and for France, the bleſſings of peace and tranquillity. Such is he at preſent,

ſent,—the friend of man, and of his country,—whether power will have its uſual effect of corruption on him, time only can determine! W. B.

Morpeth, April 9.

PRINCIPLES.

BY what means a man may beſt promote the happineſs of his ſpecies, and gratify a laudable ambition for diſtinction? is a queſtion worthy an intelligent being; in the various departments of life, each man may be uſeful if he pleaſes, yet there are many who paſs their time in no other purſuit than that of pleaſure, and ſeeking how they may gratify themſelves without any regard to the happineſs of others; ſuch a life cannot be blameleſs, for when we think of the ſum of miſery in the world, the unequal diſtribution of its comforts, and the means it contains of rendering all men happy, or at leaſt comfortable, it is ſurely no innocent occupation to be employed ſolely in the thoughts of our own amuſement: when we think how many might be made happy with the

the ſurplus wealth of others, and how many periſh for want, while others have more than they enjoy, it is ſurely well worth enquiry —why theſe things are ſo, and whether they might not be otherwiſe? It is undoubtedly true that the world has hitherto been governed, and will continue to be governed, by a few general maxims, and on the truth and utility of theſe maxims the happineſs of mankind muſt depend; if theſe are erroneous, the conſequence will be miſery and vice; if they are true, the reſult muſt be virtue and happineſs. It is by firſt principles alone, that all arts are regulated, and as the art of government is capable of being reduced to ſuch principles, it is on the rectitude of theſe alone, that the happineſs of ſociety depends; if theſe are not true, ſociety can never arrive at the excellence of which it is ſuppoſed to be capable. Hitherto men have not been actuated in the formation of governments by principle, but directed by chance and convenience; the beſt government that exiſts, has been formed by time and experiment, but from theſe experiments have been deduced certain principles, which ought henceforth to form the baſis of all political

litical ſocieties, and thus, by further experiment, we acquire new principles. A ſpirit of inveſtigation has now gone forth, and is ſpreading in every direction over all the arts of life, and even over the great art on which all others depend, the art of government: it is not by crude maxims haſtily formed, haſtily adopted, and tranſmitted without examination from one age to another, that mankind will henceforth be governed; they will require the teſt of experience for all the maxims they adopt, and judge of the value of opinions, not by the authority of thoſe from whom they come, but by their own judgment. Mankind have hitherto been deceived by the authority of names, and fooliſhly ſuppoſed that becauſe a man is great in ſome things, he muſt be great in all, though nothing is more certain than the fallibility of human judgment, and the difficulty of diſcovering truth upon a ſlight examination; it is therefore of the utmoſt conſequence in education, to teach young people the exerciſe of their own judgment on all occaſions, whereas education has hitherto tended only to teach them to rely on the authority of others: there is no doubt that the

faculty of judgment acquires ſtrength like all our other faculties, by exerciſe; it is of infinite uſe, therefore, to habituate young people to uſe it on every thing which is to be the ſubject of belief or practice; it is of more conſequence to know a little thoroughly, than to know a great deal ſuperficially. To acquire knowledge is in the power of moſt people, but to know the grounds of knowledge requires examination and patience; one day ſpent in the acquiſition of principles, is worth years paſſed in merely ſwallowing down facts and opinions, without method or judgment. A well-known ſuperficial coxcomb, whoſe works have tended to ſap the foundation of every thing ſincere and ſolid, for ever ſtunned the ears of his ſon with *the graces, the graces, the graces:* but a father who wiſhes his child to be truly valuable and uſeful, ſhould never ceaſe to repeat to him—PRINCIPLES, PRINCIPLES, PRINCIPLES; for PRINCIPLES are every thing: once teach a young man to know the ground and foundation of every thing he learns, the firſt principles on which every thing depends, once teach him to act and to judge from principle, and you have fixed the conduct of his life

life in a ſure and certain path: but at preſent the generality of men act only from the impulſe of the moment, from ſordid intereſt, or temporary convenience; hence it is that few men are at all times to be truſted; and it is impoſſible for a man to be regularly and conſtantly good, without he acts upon principle. By the unceaſing reſearches of men qualified to examine and to judge, a body of principles is now forming which will direct the future conduct of the world, and fix every ſpecies of knowledge on a ſure baſis; by a multitude of experiments only can any principle be aſcertained; it is the ſame in chemiſtry, in agriculture, and in morality; the actual exiſtence of certain qualities, and the actual utility of certain maxims, muſt be proved before they can form a ground of knowledge or of conduct. Whatever, therefore, is capable of being proved by experiment is knowledge, whatever is not is mere opinion, and deſerves to be regarded only as ſuch: opinion leads to knowledge, but experiment is the end of the journey. Superior wiſdom ſuggeſts the probability of certain facts or opinions being true, but patient experiment only can prove them to be ſo:

it is from neglecting the one, and resting too confidently in the other, that the world has hitherto been so frequently misled. While men are governed by opinions, they must be for ever liable to error, doubt, and uncertainty: they must be for ever at variance with each other, and unsettled in themselves. Whenever they are guided solely by that which their faculties enable them to prove and comprehend, doubt and uncertainty will vanish; and all disputes about the nature of matter and spirit, pre-existence and eternity, &c. with all the miseries and murders they have occasioned, will for ever cease. Men will seek to know only what may be known, and leave all questions relating to other essences, to those superior beings by whom alone they can be comprehended.

Morpeth, April 30th. W. B.

TO the want of any principles, or the adoption of false ones, are to be attributed most of the miseries of the world:—it is a defect which can only be remedied early in life, and therefore much depends on the education

cation of youth.—For the truth of this poſition I will only refer to the world at large, but principally to the higher and lower ranks; the former are hardly ever taught any principle but that of honour, which is a falſe one; and the latter, have no means of learning any; their intereſt, mere temporary intereſt, is their firſt object, and if they learn to reſtrain their paſſions, it is not from any principle of rectitude, but from the fear of puniſhment, or the hope of immediate intereſt. Now, till the motives of human conduct are taught to flow from a purer ſource, it is needleſs to expect purity, regularity, and integrity, or a ſtate of ſociety, tranquil, peaceable, and refined by the feelings of mutual confidence. The only ſolid and permanent principle of conduct, is the conviction that by acting humanely and juſtly to others, we promote our own happineſs. Without the conſtant operation of this general principle, there can be no ſuch thing as general happineſs, and with it we baniſh effectually general miſery. Should it be thought that I have too partially excepted the middle ranks of ſociety from this general cenſure, I will only ſay, that I do not mean to do ſo entirely;

ly; for though their education is not without principles, yet they are frequently erroneous, and ſeldom take ſufficient root to bear the violence and deceitfulneſs of the world. The principle of honour, by which the conduct of the higher ranks is partly regulated, I have ſtated to be a falſe one, and it is falſe, becauſe it reſts ſolely on partial opinion, and not on general utility; it is an imaginary ſtandard, formed only by the convention of a few individuals, and is frequently contrary to the principles of truth and juſtice; its maxims are arbitrary, fluctuating, and contradictory, and its effects are not virtue, and general happineſs, but private convenience and general miſery: honour commands an affront to be expiated by the riſque of life, and ſometimes by death: truth and juſtice require only an acknowledgment of the fault, and the condemnation of public opinion, and public reproof. Honour is ſatisfied, in many inſtances, with a partial application of juſtice, as in the payment of our debts, of which ſome only are denominated debts of honour; while others, contracted under the ſtricteſt obligations of juſtice, may be left unpaid without any loſs of credit or character: honour

nour depends not on any fixed principle, for what is honourable one day, may be diſgraceful the next: and the honour of a ſoldier conſiſts in obeying the commands of a ſuperior, of which he neither examines the juſtice nor propriety.

But honour is not the only principle which regulates the conduct of the higher ranks, for where intereſt is concerned, honour yields her place with little reluctance; neither has ſhe power to controul the effect of the paſſions by any conſideration of the evil they occaſion; for it will be found, that the moſt unlimited gratification of the worſt of our evil propenſities, is thoroughly compatible with the principle of honour, which is not like juſtice, rigid, inflexible, and extenſive.

Another principle among people in high life, equally erroneous, and equally deſtructive, is to follow implicitly the dictates of faſhion and cuſtom; to this every thing valuable is ſacrificed; under the authority of faſhion, ſociety is no longer the intercourſe of congenial ſouls, but a mere unconnected crowd, where pride, envy, malice, indifference, vanity, and deceit, are the conſtant viſitors,

ſitors, and where gambling ſupplies the place of worſe employment; or it is the unavailing reſource of languor and vacuity, the conſtant companions of a faſhionable education; in the empire of faſhion, the moſt amiable virtues are laughed out of countenance, and a ſpurious kind of charity, the child of oſtentation, is the only one ſuffered to intrude: friendſhip is but a fine name for long acquaintance, and every thing elſe ſeems what it is not: comfort, convenience, and health, are ſacrificed to appearance, and even dreſs is not an article of uſe, but of vanity; truth, openneſs, and ſincerity of manners, are baniſhed for their vulgarity; and ſimplicity, the child of nature, gives place to deception and artifice: in ſhort, no man follows his own opinion, but the opinion of others, and each man is the ſlave of his neighbour, while he thinks he is purſuing his own inclinations; he neither does nor avoids any thing becauſe it is right or wrong, but becauſe it is faſhionable or vulgar. Taſte, opinion, and virtue, are thus ſacrificed to a phantom, which is for ever taking different ſhapes, and for ever miſleads men from nature, truth, and ſimplicity, from all that is virtuous, amiable, and right.

Such,

Such, with a few exceptions, is the picture of high life, under the guidance of the principles that are generally adopted; ſuch are theſe who are the object of admiration to their inferiors.—" Such are thy gods, O " Iſrael!"

Though, in the middle ranks of life, there is no great difference of principle, yet we find greater rectitude of conduct, becauſe they are more under the controul, and more under the eye of each other, while the great are exempted from all controul, by the weight and authority they acquire from their wealth: religion, too, has an effect on them, which is ſeldom felt by their ſuperiors, who have little need of its conſolations, and little dread of its terrors: but to ſound, ſolid, virtuous principles, reſulting from an enlarged view of things, from juſt notions of happineſs, and a benevolent regard to the welfare of others, both of them are equally ſtrangers; and they muſt ever remain ſo, till education is conducted by different rules from what it is at preſent; till it is directed more to correct the heart and morals, than to teach a few points of uſeleſs learning; till it is directed more to purpoſes of ſocial, as well as civil

life, to make good men, rather than good ſoldiers, ſailors, and divines. The great object of education at preſent, is to enable young men to get forward in the world: and into that world they are often turned looſe at the age of ten or fifteen years, without any other qualification than a little ſchool learning, and they are thus left to receive the education of chance, not of principles. They are never taught the grand radical principle of ſocial happineſs, to do good to others for the ſake of their own comfort, but are rather, from all that they ſee, taught to believe that they have nobody to conſider but themſelves; if they fall into what is called good hands, and acquire a tolerable regard for reputation, and are preſerved from enormous vices, they may arrive at the very higheſt ſtations with great ſucceſs and character, and be held up as models of virtue, though they ſhould be content to ſee thouſands ſtarving around them, while they are revelling in plenty. Education, conducted in this manner, may ſucceed in acquiring rank and fortune; but no ſteady, firm, and virtuous principles, can be thus acquired by chance, any more than we ſhould expect a grain of ſeed to grow up

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and flouriſh among thorns and thiſtles. Men ſo educated, may get through the world even with ſplendid reputation, but never can act from a ſteady, conſtant, and fervent principle of benevolence, by which alone they can be of any ſervice to their fellow creatures, or contribute to improve the condition of the world; for it is by this teſt that every man's goodneſs muſt be tried. Such a man is a very good ſort of a man, but what has he done to make others wiſer or happier? But after this it may fairly be aſked—What is there in the higher ranks to compenſate for all theſe deficiencies? Nothing but their manners, and theſe have a poliſh, an eaſe, and elegance, which give an intereſt even to the moſt trifling converſation, which ſoften the harſher features of vice, and make even virtue more amiable:—ſuch a poliſh, it is to be wiſhed, might not excluſively belong to one ſet of people, nor ever be uſed to diſguiſe meanneſs, deceit, treachery, and that in all ranks it might be found as the ornament of virtue, truth, and integrity.

But if this want, or depravity of principle, is to be lamented in private ſociety, how much more in the rulers of the world; hence

it is, that hiſtory is but the record of the crimes and follies of the great, and that ſo few pages are ſufficient for their virtues. Among all the great characters that have appeared on the theatre of the world, how few have been actuated by the ſteady principle of doing good to mankind, paſſion or intereſt have been the great motive of the greateſt men; hence it is that the world has been diſturbed and deſolated, and that ages have paſſed without any material improvement in the condition of ſociety. The ſteady perſevering efforts of a few individuals have effected much, but little compared with what might have been done by thoſe who had it moſt in their power: accident, caprice, and the ſlow moving ſeries of events, have done more for mankind than all thoſe to whoſe remembrance hiſtory has been idly conſecrated: let it no longer then be the doubtful, deceitful, or partial record of ſplendid atchievements, but the faithful narrator of ſuch events only, as have contributed, and may contribute, to private and general improvement.

Morpeth, June 8th. W. B.

THE

THE queſtions which were propoſed in the outſet of this enquiry, have in ſome degree been anſwered by the ſtreſs that has been laid on the neceſſity of teaching men to act from right principles. Now, all principles are right or wrong, only as they produce happineſs or miſery, and can, therefore, only be judged by their effects: it is the ſame in the ſcience of morality, as in all other ſciences; if we ſet out upon wrong principles, or with no principle at all, the conſequence muſt be error, miſconduct, and miſery. In the one caſe, the danger is greater than in the other: becauſe in the one, we have nothing to lead us aſtray but miſtake or ignorance, for no appearance of intereſt can ever deceive us in the purſuits of chemiſtry, botany, or agriculture; but in all things connected with the conduct of life, or the dealings of men with each other, we are liable to be deceived by paſſion and prejudice; the great object of principle is to guide and direct us through the miſts and darkneſs which theſe occaſion, to ſee our own intereſt, and that of others, as inſeparably connected, notwithſtanding the falſe light in which

which they may be placed by theſe great deceivers of mankind.

The generality of writers on the ſubject of morality, merely teach us how to avoid evil, without telling us how to do good; they do not enforce the neceſſity of any conſtant, active principle of benevolence, ſuited to all ſtations and all times: they merely adviſe to comply with the law of the land, to be true and juſt in all our dealings, to take things as we find them, &c. Now, theſe rules may be very well calculated to keep the world as it is, and to make a part of it happy at the expence of the reſt; but this is not enough, for happineſs is as much the right of one man as another, without we ſuppoſe that the Deity ſent ſome men into the world purpoſely to be miſerable, which does not ſeem probable from the conſtitution of nature, for all men are born with equal capacities for happineſs, and the world contains the means of it for all its inhabitants; yet notwithſtanding this, there ſeems to be a tendency in mankind to counteract all theſe bright ideas, or elſe why ſo much miſery in the world: whether this ariſes from the inſtitutions of ſociety which may be corrected, or from ſome inherent perverſeneſs

verſeneſs in the nature of man, which no principles can counteract or deſtroy, time only can determine; for it is certain, that for many ages no juſt principles have been laid down for the attainment of general happineſs, none which ſeem adequate to the end propoſed. Individuals have at all times ſought their own private utility, and even that they have purſued by means ill ſuited to the purpoſe. Hence, all thoſe vicious inſtitutions founded in injuſtice, becauſe they have had in view only the advantage of a few, at the expence of the multitude; and though in many countries the ſpirit of chriſtianity and philoſophy have meliorated the condition of the oppreſſed, yet they have never gone to the root of the evil. Philoſophy has indeed done much, becauſe it has pointed out the radical defects and corruptions of many ſyſtems of morality, and many political inſtitutions; it has laid open to all, the rights of all, and expoſed the iniquity of excluſive privileges not grounded in general utility: it has done more within the laſt century for the promotion of human happineſs, than had been done for many centuries before;

fore; and when the tumults of war, and the turbulence of ambition have ſubſided, it will reſume its ſeat in the world, and preſide over the councils of princes. Without principles, power, in the hands of a great man, is like a ſword in the hands of a robber, he uſes it only to effect his own purpoſes, and regards not who bleeds nor who ſuffers. More particularly then does it concern the world, that men of illuſtrious birth and great talents ſhould be early taught the great principle of doing good, of conſidering, in all their actions, their own happineſs as connected with that of others—that they ſhould never intend nor undertake any deſign, without ſaying to themſelves, will this injure any other man? will it produce happineſs or miſery? am I promoting my own advantage at the expence and coſt of others? This is a broad and extenſive principle, and adapted to general uſe, and he who is determined to act on it, muſt make a deep ſearch into his conduct and his motives, and take a wide ſurvey of things; ſuch a man will, in all the events of life, be conſtantly ſuperior to the ill effects of his own paſſions, and thoſe of other people; he

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will endeavour to ſee every object in its true light, and make every allowance for the failings and defects of others, for their weakneſs, temptations, and ignorance; he will purſue with ſteadineſs and firmneſs, whatever good purpoſe he has in view, without being diverted from it by the perverſeneſs or contradiction of others; he will truſt more to the ſteady and conſtant effects of good intentions, than fear the waywardneſs of caprice and prejudice; and though from the colliſions of human paſſions, he cannot always expect to do good to ſome without giving offence to others, he will adhere to his purpoſe and wait for events to juſtify the wiſdom and purity of his intentions: ſuch a man will be happy as far as happineſs depends on inward diſpoſitions, and he will make others happy, as far as his fortune will permit him to relieve their wants, and his principles prevent him from diſturbing their tranquillity.——Such are the effects which may be produced in the world by the conſtant operation of virtuous principles. To know how theſe are to be implanted in the breaſts of youth, requires long and at-

tentive experiment; and the conſideration of the ſubject might lead me beyond the bounds of my original purpoſe, which was at preſent merely to enforce the neceſſity of acting upon ſolid and virtuous principles.

W. B.

Morpeth, Sept. 3, 1800.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 1100 71

ERRATA.

Page 19.—For APOLLO, read THE GOD.
—— 44.—Line 5. for ARE, read IS.
—— 56.—Line 4 from the bottom, after KINDNESS, put ?
—— 110.—Line 2. put only a comma at NATURE, and a period at US.
—— 125.—Line 3. from the bottom, dele OWN.
—— 126.—Line 4. from the bottom, for R. read H.
—— 134.—Sonnet, line 13. for MIRTH read CLAIMS.

Newcaſtle upon Tyne:—Printed by Matthew Brown.